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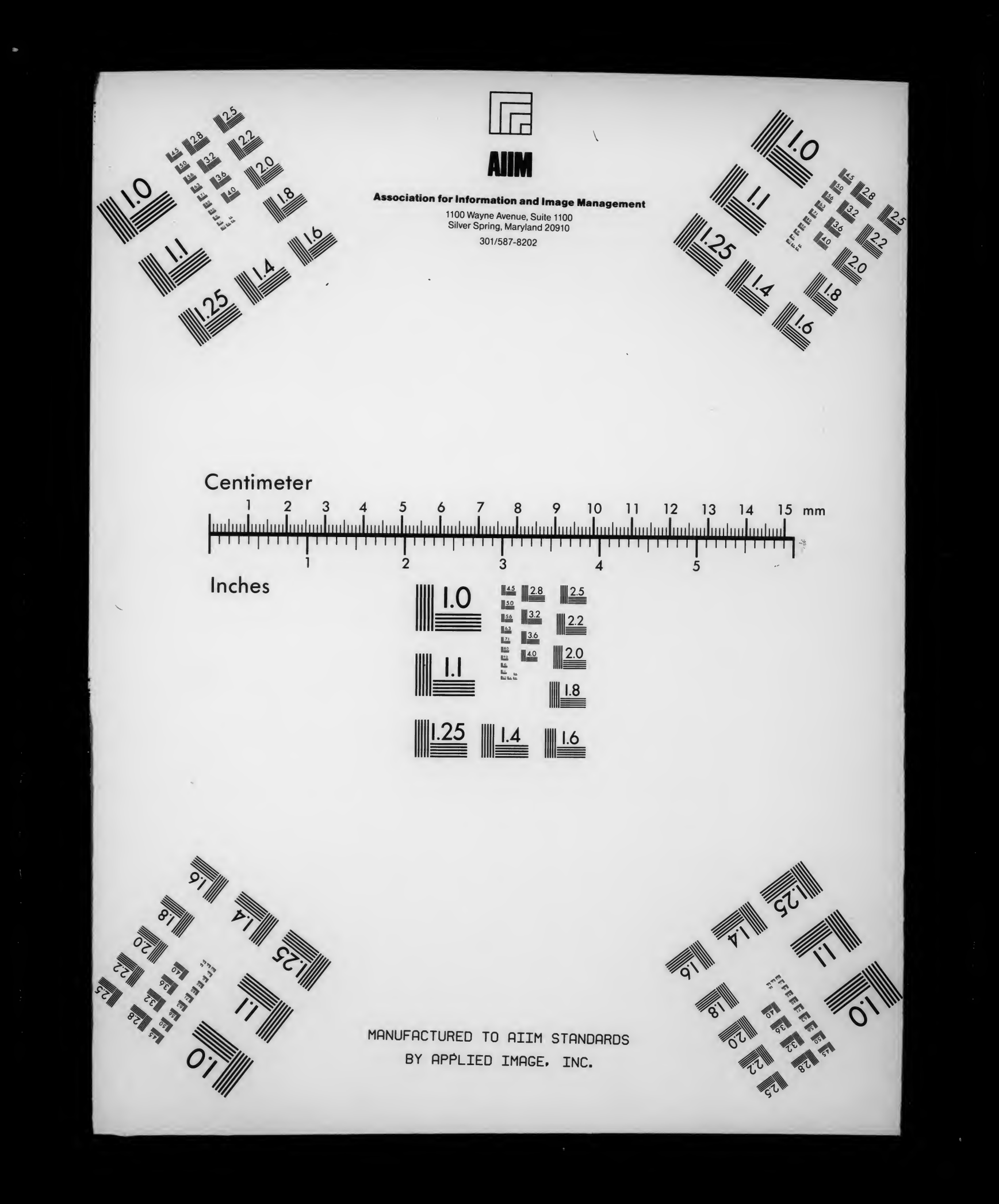
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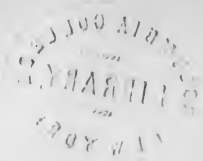
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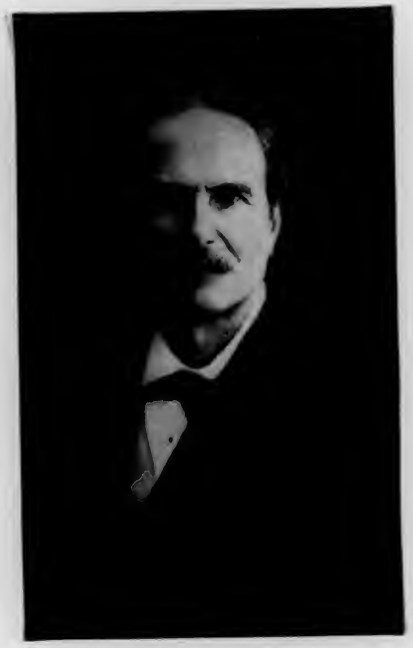
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Emile de Laveleye

LETTERS FROM ITALY

BY

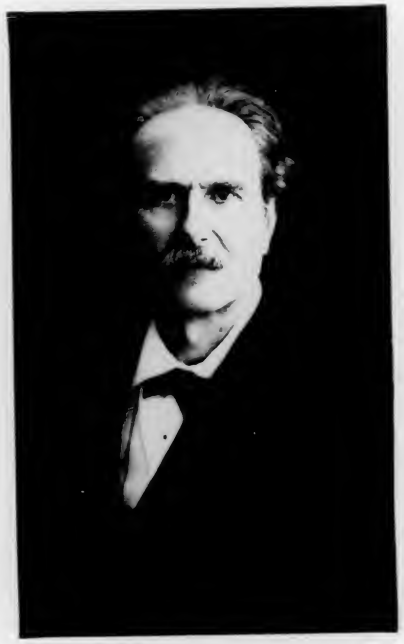
M. EMILE DE LAVELEYE

Translated by

MRS. THORPE

REVISED BY THE AUTHOR

London
T FISHER UNWIN
26 PATERNOSTER SQUARE
1886



Emile de Laveleye

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London
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31 DEC 1890 Barnes 10

PREFACE.

I HAVE to thank M. de Laveleye for his kind permission to translate his book into English.

When a man, whose name is closely allied with the progress of humanity and freedom, treats of a country which is indissolubly connected with poetry and art, the work of the translator has necessarily been pleasant. May it also prove useful.

MARY THORPE.

LENTON HOUSE, LENTON,
December, 1885.

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LETTERS FROM ITALY.

I.

You ask me for some notes which were hastily written, during a rapid journey beyond the Alps, last September. I went there, as you know, to attend the meeting of our "Institut de droit International," which was held in Turin. I travelled in the north of Italy only, and stayed in no town but Turin. I can therefore give you nothing but some economic notes and comments, some fragments of different authors, collected for my books, some impressions, often superficial, that I noted at the time; but you wish it, and I obey.

I was released at the end of August, feeling much worn out, after six weeks of work on the Board of Examiners. I had a few days to spare, before the opening of our Session in Turin, which I intended to spend with my friend Luzzatti at Crespano-Veneto, a country seat in Venetia; and with the Countess Marcello, who has a house in the neighbourhood of Venice, on the Udine road.

In order to lose no time, I took the quick train that we call the "Indian Mail," and which has become so in reality since the opening of the St. Gothard. I left Liège at six p.m., arrived at Basle at six the next morning, and was at Milan at seven in the evening. This is truly the ring of the magician or the mantle of Faust, which transports one through space almost as rapidly as the birds of the air. The rain, which had fallen ceaselessly all the summer, fortunately made a truce; and the rays of the setting sun threw a golden light on the landscape of the Ourthe. In passing I saluted my kind friends and their charming estate of Rond-Chêne, near Esneux. But the quarrying of paving-stones

all along the banks of the river put me in a bad temper. These fine rocks that I have drawn aforetime, and known so long and so well, are pitilessly levelled, their own innermost parts thrown at their feet in shapeless beds of grey stones. The mantle of verdure which clothed the heights and descended to the water's edge; the rocks on the summit tinted variously with mosses and lichens; the knotted oaks holding by their strong roots to the hollows in the schist; the little fir-trees scattered here and there over the straight sandstone rocks—all this regal pageantry has disappeared. Quarry and quarry! paving-stone and paving-stone! this is desolation! When the railway which will soon be made from Douxflamme to Trois-Ponts is finished, our beautiful river Amblève also will be devastated. How melancholy! Is it not possible to follow the example of the Americans, who have put the famous Wellingtonias of the Yosemite and the park of Yellow Stone River under the protection of the law? Has a people no other riches than coal and paving-stones? Are not the natural beauties of a country an inestimable

treasure to the nation, which, should it lose them, no money can regain?

I asked myself: Why are so many paving-stones required? Because the towns are constantly increasing? Why does an ever-growing population pack itself amongst these cubes of bricks, amidst these "whitened sepulchres"? It is because there, not in the country, the newly made capital is fixed, because also it is in the towns that the State and the communes spend the most. Money quickens the growth of men as manure does that of mushrooms. Is this a benefit? No. It would be better that the population should increase in the country rather than in the cities; life is more healthy, there is room to breathe, and agriculture is still, as ever, the most useful and beautiful labour.

This reasoning allowed me comfortably to revile the quarries, which, as a good economist, I ought to have admired.

Whilst, after leaving Marche, we passed through the green valleys of Luxembourg, where one may see the pebbles through the transparent waters of the

streams, I remembered the words of one of my English friends, Somerset Beaumont, when I visited his pleasant cottage at Shere. "We are threatened with American competition; I, personally, am thankful for it. See what manufactures have done to our charming and cheerful island, the 'merry England' of other days! The air is infected with their emanations, the rivers are poisoned with their residues, the country is covered with their refuse, the air and the monuments blackened with their smoke, and, what is worst of all, a third of our population is imprisoned in mines or dark workshops, out of reach of the beautiful sun. The Americans wish to take these distasteful works upon themselves! Much good may it do them! Let them grow wheat for us, then England will be again as in the times of the Tudors, a great green park sprinkled with oaks and elms; with sheep and cows in the boundless meadows. There will be fewer people crowded into our black cities, but those who are there will be more comfortable." I shrugged my shoulders at these words, inspired by the fanaticism of free trade and

the love of rural scenery. I begin to find, however, that there was a grain of wisdom in his paradox.

I slept after leaving Arlon, but awoke at Metz. By the gaslight I saw the "*Station-chef*," with his German *employés*, walk quickly the whole length of the train, with their regular and elastic tread. Their cuffs, appearing beyond the sleeves of their coats, had neither crease nor stain; they held themselves upright and turned on their heels like one man, as though they mounted guard before the Emperor's palace. How heavily our soldiers and guards walk in comparison!

Heine ridiculed these rigid Pomeranian Grenadiers, "As if they had swallowed the stick with which they had been beaten." To execute platoon drill irreproachably is not quite the ideal of humanity; but whilst we must have an army, it should be as well trained as possible, and at least taught how to walk properly.

In Germany, military service is a compulsory school in which all are taught order and gymnastics. This is a partial compensation. Finding myself at Cologne,

during Easter, I went every morning to swim in the Rhine; it was by the side of the swimming school for the garrison. The instructor arranged the men in line around the basin, whilst at the end of the line a military man, in the position of a frog preparing to jump, gave his instructions: "*Ein, zwei, drei*," "advance the arms, draw back the arms and legs to the body, extend the legs briskly." "*Ein, zwei, drei.*" It was very droll to see them all doing this together. Yet I said to myself this is the way to teach a whole nation to swim. It was in this way also that Plato and the Greeks understood the duty of the State, which they considered as an instrument to train men, body and soul, to perfection.

In the morning, after leaving Strasburg, charming sunshine, the more welcome from its rarity, broke through the silvery mists and lighted the green slopes of the Vosges and the great plain which extends at their feet. The country, cut up into small divisions, had the high cultivation of a garden. The tobacco harvest was gathered in. What an article to subject to a tax! Here again is a triumph of the small-holding system.

At Mulhouse a gentlemanly looking man came into the compartment in which I was alone, and we entered into conversation. He lived in Paris, but owned an important factory in Alsace, from whence he emigrated after its annexation to Germany.

"When I return to Mulhouse," he said, "and visit my old friends, I am watched by the police. I lately said to the head constable, 'It would be useless to enter into a conspiracy, for the whole country conspires; that is, it is unanimous in the wish to return to France. Why then should we excite them further? We would rather calm them, for we do not wish for useless and perilous provocations. The love of our former country orders calm and patience.'"

He added: "Every time I return to Alsace I find the feeling of repulsion against Germany stronger and more decided. Time rather deepens than weakens it. How foolish the German Government has been! At the time of the annexation I was somewhat afraid; it would have been so easy to manage the transition, the use of gentleness instead

of force would have been successful. Conscription was enforced, in the hope of Germanizing the soldiers who were sent to serve in other parts of Germany. But the opposite result followed: very few of the conscripts were willing to remain; the greater number emigrated to France, bringing with them hatred of the foreign yoke which compelled them to leave their native soil. Those who were enrolled returned, better able to speak German, but no whit reconciled to the Deutsche Vaterland. Certainly the exigent, harsh, even brutal, military discipline, is not fitted to inspire love for Germany. If, on the contrary, conscription had been abolished, what a relief it would have been for the people, especially for the country people! How could they detest a government which gave them such a benefit? Add to this the diminution of taxes which would have been a necessary consequence; the conciliation of the clergy by favours not bestowed by France, instead of the *Kulturkampf;* a full autonomy; Alsace treated as a Swiss canton, as Neufchâtel had been when Prussia had a right of suzerainty over it; and

Alsace would in two or three generations have become attached to Germany. The Alsatians are really of Germanic blood; and why should they have been an exception to the rule, that feeling of race and identity of language completely blend populations having a common origin? Also the Clerical and the Legitimist parties, through hatred of the Republic, would have inclined to an autocracy on good terms with Rome. But, thank God, the Prussians had faith only in the corporal's whip; they made themselves detested—I have no longer any fear. However, we can wait, though it be for a century. *Patiens quia eternus.* The opposition is eternal and invincible. Strasburg and Metz will return to France."

I think my companion spoke truly: Germany has made a mistake. Had the Governor-General Manteuffel, a truly superior man, who wore velvet gloves over his iron gauntlets, any comprehension of this? Austria made the same mistake in Bosnia and Herzegovina, where she exasperated the people by imposing conscription. This drill-sergeant policy

will never Germanize the Jougo-Slaves; it may drive them towards Russia, from which it is intended to estrange them.

This subject reminds me of the eloquent treatise, published after the events of 1870, by that talented man M. A. de Gasparin, whose living portrait has been recently sketched by M. Wilmotte. He proposed to make Alsace a small neutral State, like Belgium, Luxembourg, and Switzerland; it would then form between the two rival Powers a barrier which would be under the guardianship of all European Powers. It would have ensured peace, if Alsace had been contented with her fate. It would have been a larger reproduction of the curious neutral territory of Moresnet, which, situated between Belgium and Prussia, belongs to no one. This small district forms even more than the Val d'Andorre, a perfect microscopic model of "an-archic" *régime* with neither government, army, nor taxes.

We entered Basle exactly as if Switzerland had neither frontier, police, nor custom-house. Why is it not so everywhere? Do the few small articles

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which would be brought in by travellers without duty give now a revenue to cover the cost of the whole arrangements for collecting it? I much doubt it. If the Zollverein of Central Europe, dreamed of by M. de Molinari, could be constituted, what an advance it would be!

After Basle the delights begin, both for the economist and the tourist. The farms in Switzerland are more charming than those of France, even in the neighbouring region of rich Alsace. The houses, built like châlets, are large and graceful, surrounded by flowers, with which the windows also are adorned. The barn is full of hay; large stacks of wood are piled up for the winter. The cows are beautiful and well fed; the meadows are well drained, well manured, well fenced, not an inch of ground is lost. The roads are very narrow, that they may not encroach on the productive soil, and that they may be the more easily kept in order; they are carefully macadamized, and are perfectly level. The men and women are well dressed, troops of children come out of the schoolhouses—compulsory education is an established institution. Comfort reigns everywhere. The cultivator, who is generally the proprietor, is shorn by neither rent nor taxes, the land fulfils its duty, and guarantees to the worker the entire enjoyment of the produce.

Switzerland enjoys the happiness, which becomes every day more enviable, of not being a great Power; she need not spend hundreds of millions to join the game of European diplomacy. Only to think that the Italian official rejoices in this ruinous and detestable dignity, and Spain aspires to share it!

L. Hymans has given such a charming description of the passage of the St. Gothard that I need not say much. It is, in fact, marvellous. The weather was splendid, the sunshine put nature in festive array. It harmonized perfectly with the character of the country; the white light of the early morning lit up the fresh and snowy Alps, the warm rays of the evening gilded the Italian landscape. In half a day one sees in succession the most charming lakes and one of the most picturesque

valleys of Europe. First Zurich, then Lucerne, then the long tunnel, aud beyond the bluish green expanse of Lake Zug. At Arth the Rhigi railway ascends the mountain, our line crosses the enormous blocks of the landslip of Goldau. Above the little Lake Aegeri the two Mythen raise their sharp, bare peaks against the blue heavens; we pass near the chapel which celebrates the battle of Morgarten. After Brunnen the tunnel is almost entirely under the Axternstein road, but we get glimpses of the lower part of the lake of the Four Cantons, which, seen as by a flash of lightning, looks even more than usually lovely.

On leaving Altorf one is stupified by engineering triumphs. There is the bridge across the gorge of the Maderanerthal; near Wesen, before the Pfafen-Sprung, the road is along the edge of a precipice, at the bottom of which rolls the Reuss, two or three hundred feet below; there are small bridges over the gorges hollowed by tributary streams; then, lastly, the enormous zig-zags and spiral tunnels which lead to Göschenen. The great tunnel, the famous

"Traforo," is much less astonishing, but it is strange to find one's self suddenly in Airolo, in the midst of southern vegetation and totally different manners, whilst behind one may see the old road painfully ascending to the summit, turning in coils, like a serpent which climbs a tree.

I notice in the station at Airolo the vans which foretell the economic revolution that will be brought about by the St. Gothard railway.

Here is a carriage, which, as the label points out, takes fish from Ostend to Milan; and here is another with fruit from Southern Italy for Germany. On the eastern side a coal train, with rails and iron bars from Westphalia, is drawn up. Without a metaphor the tunnel is really a treaty of union between north and south. But consider the thoughtlessness and stupidity of men! The engineer pierces the Alps and diminishes the expenses of transport, consequently lowering the prices, and opening a reciprocal market for Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; but the statesmen fix a custom-house officer on each side of the frontier, to increase the price by dues, and thus

greatly diminish the benefits given by this marvel of human work and ingenuity!

Whilst I sang, under my breath, a hymn of praise in honour of the engineers who conceived and executed this line—Colladon, Faure, and Maus—thoughts from the recesses of my brain threw a shadow over my spirit.

You must have remarked, dear friend, that I am sometimes influenced by a partial pessimism. The famous religion of progress sometimes awakes in me, not a negation, but a doubt. I am no longer certain that humanity ascends in a spiral, and advances even when it appears to draw back—like our train, which even when it doubled on its way, was nearing its goal.

Was not Vico right, with his theory of *corsi* and *ricorsi?* There are phrases of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, verses of Mdme. Ackerman, that return to my memory, like bad weeds which re-appear in spite of every care, in a border where only sweet and beautiful flowers should be cultivated.

"Jamais heure à ce point triste et morne,
Sous le soleil des cieux n'avait encore sonné,
Jamais l'homme, au milieu de l'univers, sans borne,
Ne s'est senti plus seul, ni plus abandonnè."

Here is what the "Traforo" reminds me of. When the Mont Cenis tunnel was opened, astonished Europe broke out in hymns in honour of our age. A little while afterwards Veuillot wrote in the "Univers" as follows:

"What is your tunnel? A long black hole, that will vomit the trunks of France into Italy, of Italy into France. We have already too much both of the word and of the thing."

Here is another rebel against the dogma of a golden age brought about by the triumphs of industry, the Positivist, Frederick Harrison. This wonderful writer, whose brilliance of mind and style has not been stifled even by his assiduous study of Comte, said recently in an article in *The Fortnightly Review:*

"The report of the Postal Union tells us that it has carried I know not how many hundred millions

of circulars and letters, and you, men of the nineteenth century, brutalized by the worship of matter, you are lost in admiration of our epoch; but tell me, I pray you, is there amidst this mass of innumerable letters, carried to every corner of the universe, one single one that is worth a letter of Voltaire or of Mdme. de Sévigné?"

And in what does true progress really consist? In the increase of intellectual force and the perfection of moral strength. Does this constantly increasing mass of manufactured articles, taken from one place to another, ensure moral and intellectual progress? I hear but one voice everywhere: "The moral and intellectual level is low. We have more rogues and *hetæræ;* we have fewer poets, historians, and philosophers."

Truly the post, railways, and telegrams devour our existence—even without this new pest, the telephone. The intellectual as well as the manual worker is overwhelmed by material progress; he is brought into relation with the whole world; every post brings sacks of letters, books, and papers.

Congresses, academical meetings, commissions, funerals and weddings, compel one to spend a large part of life in travelling; correspondence takes as much; articles in papers and reviews run away with the remainder. There are bags of papers that must be at least glanced at in reference to each question; there is no longer time to meditate and compose with care. Life is entirely outside one's self. The concentration of thought which produced Socrates, Plato, Leibnitz, or Kant, is no longer possible. The contemporary philosopher dissipates himself on the high-roads. Yesterday he was in Italy, like Spencer, to-morrow he will be in Egypt; he will take a short voyage to America or the Indies for his health. Madman! thou wastest away—*effluisamens*, as Perseus admirably says. Specialities create learned men; I know it, and so feel it deeply. But is it not wide views which make man truly great? Is not the naturalist who spends his life in dissecting frogs like the workman of Lemontey, who spends his in making pin-heads?

We repeat, for our consolation, that machinery

and the division of labour ameliorate the fate of the greatest number, when the advantages shall have spread to them.

After another tunnel, that turns twice upon itself like a corkscrew in the centre of the mountain, the railway follows the valley of Tessin in a gentle slope to Bellinzona, where Lake Maggiore comes in sight.

We pass through a tunnel under Mount Cenere and come on to Lake Lugano. We went alongside, and then crossed by a bridge at the foot of the San Salvatore. How enchanting it is to see the shores of this beautiful lake! Life must surely be pleasanter, at least less dull, than in our more gloomy climate. The beautiful sky, the bright days, the lovely pure water, generally brilliantly coloured, the lighter air—why cannot one come and settle here?

The little valley whose course we follow between Lakes Maggiore and Lugano, as well as the valley of Chiasso, is as well cultivated as the Liesthal, but the vegetation is southern. The near

slopes of the hills are covered with chestnut-trees, whose roots interlace themselves amongst the rocks and stones. There is a second crop of maize and buckwheat in the fields; this puts agriculture on the level of gardening, and augments the extent of land under cultivation by one-third. Some heaps of manure are already piled in the meadows, where the second crop, well watered and manured, grows close and strong; on these heaps are planted melons and water-melons, which, for their share, throw out wandering tendrils, large leaves, and appetizing gourds. The vines, laden with purple grapes, climb the balconies of the chalets. In the orchards the trees bend under the weight of pears and apples, the plum and cherry-trees have been robbed of their burden, but the violet figs are seen, under their deeply cut leaves, in the well-stocked kitchen gardens.

What a difference there is between these country dwellings of small farmers and those of our Belgian uplands of Hesbaye and Condroz, where the houses are dark and ugly, without a climbing plant or orna-

mental shrub, without even flowers to brighten the monotonous colouring! How easy it would be for our country people to beautify their cottages and to vary their food. They need not spend more money, but they must take more trouble; we see it accomplished by the Swiss, both on the north and south sides of the Alps.

The representatives of civilization have not yet thought of it with us. I have seen many new schools, built by the communes or the clergy. Their aspect is seldom attractive; they are carefully built with brick and stone work, but seldom with taste and simplicity. There is never the slightest attempt to ornament them, as is generally the case in Switzerland, with pretty shrubs, creepers, and flowers; and the building faces the street, with nothing to delight the eyes, or to hide its own too evident hideousness. The teacher has a small kitchen garden, which is useful, but ugly.

How does it happen that we are so completely destitute of æsthetic sentiment that we fail to realize the charm which might be added to these buildings

by surrounding them with plants and trees? To see our village schools one would say that we were utterly insensible to the beauty of the vegetable kingdom. A hundred years ago this was almost universal. Look at the old farmhouses—they look on one side upon the farmyard, with the surrounding buildings, and in the centre a pool and manure heap; on the other side, they look into a kitchen garden, ditches of stagnant water, or cultivated fields. Since that time the "English garden" is being gradually introduced everywhere.

The Prince de Ligne has written charmingly about gardens, and has carried out his ideas at Belœil, which he has made a pattern that every owner of a castle, large or small, would like to imitate. It is true that squares, planted with trees, have brightened our towns since 1850.

Throughout the whole length of the European railways, the station-masters make little gardens, which are often charming. I have seen some, between Bordeaux and the Pyrenees, which were real botanical gardens. Between Seville and Cadiz the

cactus spreads its red and yellow flowers, and the aloes show their gigantic leaves and their proud spikes.

Is it not in the schools that the love of flowers and trees should be cultivated, which, should it enter the minds of our country people, would lead them to beautify their cottages? The women do this already, by cultivating geraniums, fuchsias, or begonias in their windows.

Is there anything more charming than the large carnations which brighten the dark larch or pine-wood chalets in the Engadine, with their shining red flowers hanging in clusters from the windows and balconies?

If, instead of the costly and pretentious style of architecture generally adopted for our village schools, we had taken the "cottage" style of the English and Americans, or if we had used Flemish bricks as M. Pauli has done at Ghent, where he has combined economy with the elegance of perfect proportions, we should have been able to buy a little more ground wherein to plant trees, shrubs, and

flowers around a green lawn, and so to increase the taste for natural beauty.

The train reached Como at six o'clock. I will not go on to Milan this evening; I wish to revisit this charming little town, resting heedlessly on the borders of his lovely lake, the most smiling of those we admire on this side the Alps. But what do I see? A thick smoke covers the town and even veils the lake. I recognize the horrible coal from the Saar, which nearly suffocated us with smoke whilst coming through the long tunnel. I denounce this before the whole civilized world. I beg every one who ever writes in a paper to join me in preaching a crusade against the St. Gothard Company for employing this horrible stuff.

From Fluelen to Airolo, or rather just after the double corkscrew tunnel, only very pure coal, producing very little smoke, should be burnt; that used at present emits clouds of sulphurous gases, which get into the throat and stop the breath. An English lady, who was in our compartment, fainted; it is useless to shut the windows, the abominable

smoke gets in and stifles you. I ask for the formation of an International Protective Society, to institute an action against the company, and to claim the interference of Germany and Italy, the states which aided the undertaking.

O Como! lovely city of white marble! what hast thou done to thyself? Thou art as a manufacturing town in the "Black Country" — Birmingham or Manchester; on all sides high factory chimneys throw out black jets of smoke which spread afar, troubling the blue waters of the lake with their dark shadow. Soon thy elegant cathedral, whose golden tones are dear to painters, will be soiled with sooty impurities like St. Paul's in London!

Young peasant girls, who lately lived in the sunshine, spinning the silk-worm's golden thread under the shadow of the fig-trees, amidst their family, are now penned together in factories, exposed, like criminals in prison, to the unhealthy exhalations which arise from a crowd of human beings. The charming pages in which Senator Jacini has painted the country life of Lombardy return to my memory, and I regret

that these mills should alter it so entirely. See the result of protection! My friend Luzzatti ought to be pleased. Italy, from north to south, has become industrial. In the neighbourhood of Naples, thanks to protective laws, cotton-factories have been built, and women gain a franc for twelve or fourteen hours' work. Were they not happier when they pulled macaroni on their own door-steps, or when they gathered olives or grapes in view of this azure sea, which is a perpetual enchantment to look at? What is the use of this work? Is it to increase the happiness of the largest number, or is it to accumulate money in the hands of a few plutocrats? Fortunate people of the south, leave this mean and miserable toil to us people of the north, where the climate is often so gloomy that the workshop is preferable to outside nature.

Luzzatti will answer: "A truce to these bucolics; the golden age is past, modern nations must rise by work and capital." To keep on exclusively economic ground, with what resources have you built and fitted up your factories? With pre-exis-

tent capital. Why is this capital transformed into factories? Because you have assured it an exceptional profit, through a tax which falls indirectly on all who use the protected products. Without protection would the pre-existent capital have been thrown into the sea? Certainly not; it would have been otherwise employed. Is there no use for it in Italy except to promote manufactures? Read the books of Franchetti and Sydney Sonnino in reference to the situation of Sicily and Southern Italy, or the monographs which were produced for the most perfect agricultural inquiry (*Inchiesta agraria*) that has been made in any country,[1] and you will see that there is much to be done to restore half of Italy to the fertility which distinguished her in ancient times, when Magna Græcia and Sicily were the richest countries in the world.

[1] I was requested by the Agricultural Societies to give a report to the International Agricultural Congress in Paris, in 1878. I tried to collect some notices about our different regions, and other countries also sent reports. But that was not much in comparison with the large work published by the Italian Government.

I know perfectly well that this must be a somewhat slow work, for the country, spoiled by man, must be reconstituted. The interior of Sicily and Southern Italy is formed of bare plains, without trees or verdure, scorched by the sun. This desert produces corn; but it is hideous, not having the grandeur of the African desert. Once in two or three years a crop of wheat is obtained by the rough-and-ready manner of cultivation. The peasants live in the villages, the owners of the land reside in the towns; each alike neglects the soil—the peasant gives it nothing and takes out of it all he can, the proprietor does the same to the peasant. Soil and people are equally shorn and fleeced, therefore all is misery. There is no work, except at seed-time and harvest; thus they take to brigandage as an additional resource.

The proprietors of the south, to whom I spoke of living upon their estates, answered, "We should be roasted in summer, imposed on by brigands; we should live in isolation and suffer *ennui* for want of

something to do. Thanks! We prefer to spend the winter at Naples or Palermo, the summer at Pontresina or St. Moritz."

This is true; the whole aspect of the country must be changed to render it habitable. Trees must be planted upon the hills to feed the streams, and on the plains to break the monotony and give coolness and shade. What are the best trees to plant? Acacia by the road-side and round the fields, as in Hungary, chestnut-trees on the slopes of the hills. Is it possible that the people should be short of food when at their will they can plant the tree which gives at the end of its branches abundance of delicious food—chestnuts, which are esteemed a delicacy by the people of the north? On poorer ground the vine would grow, the fig-trees flourish amidst the rocks; where there are only broken stones the cactus might be planted, as at Capri, where it produces large crops of "Indian figs." A Frenchman has made a wonderful garden at Biskra, in the the midst of Sahara. If the rich proprietors willed it, all these poor and barren regions of Southern Italy

might return in twenty or thirty years to the Eden they were in the time of Magna Græcia.

It is by taking up the employment for which he has the most natural inclination or ability that a man, or a country, procures the most useful things through work; where change is possible. Is Italy favoured by nature with gifts suited to manufacturing purposes? No; the two chief requirements are absent, coal and iron. Has she special agricultural gifts? Yes, indeed; for the generous soil, fertilized by the sun, will give two harvests a year everywhere, if the crops are watered. Each hectare (2 acres, 1 rood, 35 perches) would give 100 francs net, and be worth 3,000 francs. The Mandarin orange orchards recently planted in Sicily bring an annual revenue of many thousand lire. Add to this, that the exchange of home-grown products for foreign manufactured articles would greatly stimulate the business of conveyance both by land and sea, and revive the declining trade of the Italian mercantile marine.[1]

[1] See parliamentary report on the inquiry by MM. F. Brioschi and P. Boselli, "Inchiesta Parliamentare sulla Marina Mercantile." 6 vols. in 4to.

These were the thoughts that crossed my mind when I walked, after dinner, in the twilight on the banks of the lake of Como.

How do the inhabitants amuse themselves in the evening? There were two bands in the square of the port, and a great crowd was assembled to hear them. Chairs and tables nearly filled the square; men and women took their refreshment in the pure air of a delightful night. In the small restaurants and wine-shops men and women were supping together, as one saw through the open windows, or when the curtains, which served for doors, were lifted; but there were no drunken men.

I strolled into the town and found a statue of Volta; some days later I saw, at Bologna, one of Galvani. Is it not remarkable that the two forms of electricity which are of the most use to us at the present time bear the names of two Italians? The "voltaic" arc lights us, and "galvanism" carries our despatches by the telegraph, our words by the telephone.

The small square before the cathedral, where I

had previously heard the Hungarian regiments play their *tchardas*, was almost deserted; however, under the massive arcades of the Gothic town-hall children were buying slices of water-melon, green outside and red within—very insipid, but very refreshing.

In the faint starlight I could just distinguish the fine carvings which ornament all the external walls of the cathedral; they are better both in design and execution than those of our northern churches, but they are lavishly scattered where they ought not to be. This led me to reflect how much better the aim of art was realized in Christian mediæval, as well as in Egyptian architecture, than it is in any monuments erected now. I see here scenes from the Old and New Testaments, and representations of the chief dogmas; thus religious belief was exhibited to the eyes of the crowd in impressive forms which entered the mind of the child and the uneducated, without the need of reading. These monuments, it has been said, were "stone books."

Ours are more or less graceful combinations of materials, without any meaning. Look at the

Palais de Justice, in Brussels, of which we are so proud. It will cost 50,000,000 francs. What does it say to the mind? Nothing, absolutely nothing. There is not a symbol to point out its destiny; not a bas-relief or a carving to tell us it is the Temple of Justice; not even an historical reminiscence. It is a dumb monument, it has no soul; it has cost much money and it represents the million; one can say no more. The Egyptian temples and Assyrian palaces, whose architecture is inspired, still speak; they are manifestations of the human mind. The colossal edifice which crowns our capital symbolizes no idea. This is the case throughout Europe. We cannot do better than copy the art of Greece and of the Middle Ages.

We live in a utilitarian age. According to M. Emile Leclercq, "all art ought to be rational:" we should only make what is useful—simple cheap buildings which attain their object. The taxpayer will not complain of this!

In the Hôtel Volta I saw a placard announcing regattas on Lake Como with skiffs and outriggers,

just like in English races. Uniformity is spreading throughout the world; soon we shall all dress, eat, and amuse ourselves in the same way. It is fortunate for humanity when it is something useful, like athletic exercises, which is made general by imitation, and not an absurd fashion, like that of women who display twenty or thirty yards of various-coloured silks on their person, or a detestable excess, such as gambling.

At dinner we had Blankenbergh soles, fresh, but with a freshness that is preserved by ice. Again, the railway takes from each region its specialty. Fish is not to be had in the place where it is caught, and has lost its best qualities before getting to the place in which it is eaten.

This reminds me of one of my friends who complains that he eats green peas all the year round. "Formerly these early peas were delicious," he says, "when they came in spring." Uniformity takes the charm off everything, "*toujours pâté d'anguilles*," whilst novelty doubles it.

From Como to Milan is a beautiful valley, at the

foot of the hills, with large villages scattered at intervals; above them may always be seen the enormous buildings of ancient convents, palaces, larger than are met with in our villages in the north. The Italians have inherited the taste of the Romans for large buildings.

The ground is well watered, and the natural meadows are mixed with artificial ones of trefoil and lucerne. The Canadian poplar, which is largely planted in the hedges and by the canals, inclines, like the Italian poplar, to grow tall and tapering.

This is the time for gathering in the maize which, as a first or second crop, occupies three quarters of the arable land.

I arrive at Milan early, and inquire at the office of the *Perseveranza* how I can get to Luzzatti. I know he is at Crespano-Veneto, but neither maps nor time-tables tell anything of that place. I take the "tram" for a penny to the square of the cathedral. There is everywhere in Italy a fixed price of *due soldi* for any journey, irrespective of its length; this is well understood, and the carriages are full. When they

need an extension, the cheapness brings a rapidly increasing number of passengers, because it appeals to a stratum of the social pyramid which is the more extensive from being the lower placed.

I remember a curious illustration. The small steamboats on the Thames fixed their charge the same as that for the omnibus, which was then sixpence; no one came, they were about to fail, when the absurd idea occurred to some one to charge only a penny—the same as for letters; the result was also the same, the boats were crowded, and the capital returned a good interest. Ministers of finance, railway directors, do you draw no conclusions from these facts?

At the office of the *Perseveranza* I found an obliging editor, who seemed to me very far-sighted in politics. The *Perseveranza* and the *Opinione* are the two principal organs of the party here called moderate. The merit of these journals is that they contain much editorial work of good quality. Almost every day there are one or two leading articles, as carefully written and as thoroughly studied as those in an English paper.

The editor feared the result of the Milan elections. "The Republicans, Socialists, and Radicals will carry them," he said; and so it has been. All the "advanced" candidates triumphed, except for the seat reserved for the minority.

In most of the large towns extreme Radicalism is in the ascendant. This is a danger, but fortunately Italy has no large capital. Thanks to the malaria, Rome is too thinly populated to become a revolutionary centre; and as Republicans could only raise an insurrection in the provinces, they could not hit the head, and so would probably be defeated. Local insurrections never have a chance. It is good for a State to be without a big capital; a centre like Paris is a permanent danger, and yet most sovereigns favour its rapid growth by the benefits they bestow on the surroundings of their residence.

One is compelled to admire the foresight of the founders of the American Constitution, who placed the capital of the Union in what was then hardly a village, and those of the separate States in small towns.

On the Cathedral Square I had a moment of supreme enjoyment. Amidst the colours shown by the unclouded sun, the *Duomo* with its numberless statues and pinnacles in white marble stood out clearly against a deep blue sky; the white stones contrasting with the brilliant costumes of the ladies. It was a Fortuni. One would say it was a water-colour drawing, like an Eastern carpet, in variegated colours, in which Italian artists excel.

At the *Perseveranza* they have telegraphed to Luzzatti, who will meet me at Vicenza, so I am re-assured.

From Milan to Vicenza is the admirably cultivated but monotonous Lombard plain. Around the square fields, of about a hectare in size, are rows of elm and mulberry-trees, with cut heads like our willows, that the vines may climb the low growing branches, whence they hang in festoons. There are large well-kept farm buildings; wheat, maize, and fodder plants, are all cultivated. Thus the same land grows wine, silk through the mulberry-trees, cereals, and firewood; but agriculturists are beginning to think

that, on the principle of division of labour, it would be better to separate the crops. The roots and shade of the trees harm the cereals, and the wine of the low-growing French vines is much better.

There are factories near many of the stations that we pass, the larger ones provided with steam tramways.

At Vicenza I found Luzzatti; though I wished to call upon the Senator Lampertico, one of the greatest Italian economists, we were compelled to dine hastily to catch the last train to Bassano.

Luzzatti enjoys remarkable popularity and authority throughout Lombardy. The highest officials at the station salute and escort him; they had reserved a *coupé* for us. A prime minister would not be treated so deferentially; it is an honour both to the man and to those who know how to appreciate him; for the reasons of this esteem are found, neither in his fortune nor his birth, but in the services he has rendered his country, and his devotion to the interests of the people.

We arrived at Bassano at ten o'clock; it was a

warm, light, delightful night; we drove in an open carriage. I saw a valley filled with trees and surrounded with tolerably high mountains, where the fires kept up by the shepherds glimmered brightly. About midnight we arrived at Crespano. I met Madame Luzzatti and her charming family with much pleasure. Now, good night till to-morrow, if these broken fragments do not make the reader cry, "Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt."

II.

Crespano-Veneto.

Bright sunshine, which even found its way through closed blinds, awoke me early. I felt curious to study the country, whose general lines only could be perceived the previous night. Before the house was a small garden full of bright coloured flowers; beyond that was a lawn which kept its freshness. Bounding the property on the south side were the stables and outbuildings; over their red ridges the rounded hills looked like an ancient terminal moraine. In the distance, the Venetian plain extended to an endless horizon, veiled by the silvery mist that the morning sun draws from this low damp ground.

To the north of the house was another grass plat with a few trees; above the village houses rose the bare mountains, where a few sheep grazed on the short and scanty grass. The flower-borders are evidently a recent introduction, they have not long displaced the grass. Formerly, ordinary villas in Italy were just put up in the midst of a vineyard or meadow; only the villas of princes had gardens, and they were generally in the French style. Now throughout Europe we see the English garden, with its well-rolled lawns, its ornamental plants, and varied trees.

I found Luzzatti already up; after a *caffè nero* we went into the village until breakfast, which was fixed for ten o'clock.

Crespano is quite different from such villages with us: the houses are larger, and they have more or less a monumental appearance. Many more stones have been employed here than would have been used elsewhere to shelter the same number of persons. All the walls are cleanly whitewashed. There is nothing resembling the low clay thatched cottages that are not uncommon in Belgium, France, and Germany.

Even the workmen's houses are of two stories. Many of the buildings are finer than in our towns. The post-office is large, having a frontage of twenty metres. There is a gigantic hotel, with a suite of rooms on the ground floor, and a monumental kitchen. It is true that on the other side of the yard extends a parallel building on which is written—*Bagni*—baths. It seems that people come here as a country resort. One side of the public square has a colonnade in the Doric style, which forms a covered walk, and shelters, not only the shops, but also a large *café* which blazes with gilding, glass, and dazzling frescoes. What a contrast to our village inns, where the bare walls are only ornamented with green or yellow notices of sales, or sometimes a coloured picture of William Tell, or The Prodigal Son, which would cost about fourpence.

We see next a large school of four stories, a hospital, large enough for the sick of a town, and the mayor's house, where six families might easily be accommodated. I am astonished at such imposing buildings.

Luzzatti answered me, "It is somewhat so throughout Italy; but everything here is given by Canova."

"By Canova?"

"Certainly, do you not know that he was born near here, and has left his fortune to his native town? We will go to Possagno and then you will understand."

At the back of the hotel we found delightful walks under intertwining elm-trees which took us to a wood of chestnuts. It clothed the sides of a ravine which the road crossed upon a bridge of a single arch. It had a proud Roman look, and reminded me of the Pont du Gard. The sides of the gorge, deeply cut in places, showed through the reddened foliage of the oaks, the ochreous earth which makes such a charming foreground in Italian landscapes.

I inquire of myself what it is that assures me I am no longer north of the Alps. Here the woods are not so green, there are fewer ferns and mosses, the oaks and chestnuts are more dried up and have less foliage, their bark and trunks have warmer tones; more Siennese red, less softened by a damp

atmosphere. This is more suitable for a painter, but I prefer the fresh colours of the north.

Töpferr, in his "*Menus Propos*," proves that it is not the grandest or most charming aspects of nature that are best suited to the painter. This is true. No artist would make a tolerable picture who attempted to re-produce Mont Blanc, Niagara, the Himalayas, an equatorial forest, or a sunset on the Bay of Naples. The least objectionable picture of this kind which I know is "Monte Rosa," by Calame, in the gallery at Neuchâtel; but it is only the catalogue which tells you that you see before you the august and charming queen of the Pennine Alps.

On coming home we found the post had arrived. I felt more strongly than ever the danger of the mind-worker's becoming even more crushed than the manual labourer by "machinery"—printing, the daily press, post, and telegraph. A large table was filled with what the postman brought, as much as one man could carry. First came official statistics from three countries, large volumes filled with tables and figures. "Inchiesta Agraria" and "Inchiesta sulla Marina

Mercantile" for Italy, the report of the Finance Department of the United States, and two German folios, two volumes, and three pamphlets, *Omaggio delle autore;* French, English, German, and Italian reviews, and numberless journals; a whole bundle of letters, and two telegrams.

After he had quickly glanced through the letters, Luzzatti said—

"See what I am asked to do; here is a pressing invitation to be present at the opening of the popular Bank at Troja, amongst the mountains which border on the Tavoliere di Puglia; it would take a day and a half to go there, the same to return, and one day's stay, would make four days. Another invitation for a people's bank in Sicily, which would take at least five days; I am also begged to go, with the other deputies of the province, to Vittoria to receive Queen Margharita, who is returning to her country house in the Alps; there is a letter from Sella, who requests my presence at Biella to act on the jury of the industrial exhibition; a kind letter from Minghetti, who wishes me to accompany you to Bologna, and two telegrams

from electors who desire an interview to arrrange our electoral campaign definitely. What can I do? If I cut myself in quarters it would not be enough."

I answered—

"That is the life that progress makes for us. In England and America authors and political men propose to start an association for mutual protection. But what can they do? I see no hope, unless one is proclaimed dead, or put in prison as a Nihilist. Ah, if one could gain four or five years of solitary confinement to study the social question! There are some who have this chance and complain of it."

It will never come to us. Marnix said, "*Rest elsewhere*," but he was not persecuted by those vampires of our day—the post, railway, and telegraph-office.

Some time before, I had noted in a book about Constantine ("Die Zeit Constantius des Grossen," 1880), by J. Burckhardt, some short verses in which a poet of the fourth century, Festus Avienus, "Ad Amicos de Agro" (Wernsdorf, Poet. lat., min. v. 2) depicts the life of a landlord in the country—

"At the beginning of the day I offer up my prayers to the gods; then I go to the labourers and assign to each his task; a little later I read, and then invoke Apollo and the Muses, until it is time to anoint myself, and practise wrestling upon the palæstra, which is newly covered withs and. In a happy mood, untroubled by the business of money-making, I eat, drink, sing, play, bathe, and, after the evening meal, repose myself. Now, whilst the small lamp burns a little oil, I dedicate these lines to the nocturnal Muses."

That is the ancient life in all its simple beauty: the exquisite fruit of Hellenic tradition and Platonic teaching. The cultivation of the ground as the most natural and healthy means of livelihood; exercises for both the body and the mind—for the former the strengthening of the limbs, rubbed with oil, the athletics in the palæstra, the daily bath and swimming; for the latter, the worship of philosophy and the Muses, the tranquil enjoyment of self and nature, far from the bustle of business.

What can we do now to sustain health and vigour?

Our brains, exhausted with late hours, overburdened by a thousand different occupations, inflict upon us anæmia, dyspepsia, and all the evils of an over-excited nervous system.

When one desires to study the economic conditions of a country, it is needful to examine how people are lodged, clothed, and fed, as well as how they work and how they amuse themselves. The reader, and my friend Luzzatti, will therefore pardon me for giving some household details. Breakfast is well supplied and good, with various Italian wines unknown out of the country; soup with *pâté d'Italie;* veal served with the national polenta, but improved with tomatoes; roast quails and fried Venetian pumpkins, a delicious specialty of the lagoons. There is abundance of splendid fruit which is just in season. I inquire the price of eatables, in al countries an important question. Everything is cheaper than in Belgium. Meat is about 1 franc 50 cents. the kilogramme. Exquisite butter from the neighbouring mountains is 2 francs 50 cents. the kilogramme. A quail, 40 centimes (4d.).

The wine is comparatively dear, although it is made on the neighbouring hills; the ordinary quality is 50 francs for a hectolitre of red, 40 francs for one of white. A fowl from a franc and a half to two francs. A melon 15 centimes, a kilogramme of peaches is 30 centimes (more than a pound for 1½d.). Servants' wages are low. The man-servant has only 16 francs, but he is a young country boy, not a thoroughly trained valet; he is, notwithstanding, intelligent, active, and beautiful as Adonis. The race here is of that refined, somewhat effeminate beauty which Canova has reproduced in his statues. The cook has 20 francs, the housemaid 25 francs; she has also to make the dresses, but the other makes very good sauces. In our country it is the cooks who command such high prices; here the men-cooks are numerous and compete with them. All rich, or even well-to-do households, employ them.

An immense hall runs through the house and opens to the gardens at both the northern and southern sides. By keeping the shutters closed and a constant draught the coolness is well maintained;

on the right hand is the drawing-room, on the left the dining-room and kitchen. We do not find here the large cooking range that we call *cuisinière*, but coal or faggots of wood are burned upon a wide hearth, as was the custom everywhere in the olden times. On the first floor are three large bedrooms, and as many on the second, with the study also. The walls are thick; a large stone staircase leads to the higher rooms; the floors are constructed of small, irregular mosaics supported by arches. Wood is never used for building. Everything is of double the size of a similar house in Belgium.

Doubtless, the immense palaces one finds everywhere in Italy have accustomed the architects to build on a large scale. Or is it to be traced back to the building instinct of the Romans?

When we got to the study Luzzatti opened a cupboard filled with books, in ancient and modern languages, and said to me—

"This is sacred to Themistius, do you know him?"

"No, but if he is one of your friends it must be good to know him,"

"When I was engaged," he said, "in studying the subject of toleration, I wished to trace it back to its origin. I got as far as the Emperor Julian, and in the writings of one of his councillors named Themistius, I found the idea of liberty of conscience formulated, for the first time, with perfect precision, and even better than by Locke, Voltaire, Naville, or any modern author. I wished to know him thoroughly. I have collected all that has been written on this subject. I would omit nothing that had either a close or distant relation to it. It is my whim; let each have his own.

"Themistius was the friend of the Emperor Julian, whose conscience he directed. He was a Stoic philosopher, and remained a pagan. Julian made him governor of Constantinople and a member of the Senate. A correspondence with Libanus, and some of his lectures, are still preserved. It was in these that I found the passage that fascinated me. When I have a free moment I plunge with delight into this dear study. What noble views had these ancient philosophers, even in the

time of the decadence! Listen to some lines from the letter which Julian wrote to him at the time that he succeeded to the throne."

Luzzatti read passages from this letter with a fire and enthusiasm that I soon shared. Julian hesitated to accept the part of master of the world; he thought himself unworthy of it. How much happier and more useful he might be if he continued to study philosophy! He wrote to Themistius, "For myself, I think the son of Sophroniscus has done more than Alexander. It is to him we owe the wisdom of Plato, the talent of Xenophon, the Eretrian and Megarian philosophy. Who is indebted for his salvation to Alexander's conquests? What town is better governed? What individual has become better? On the other hand, all those whom philosophy has saved, owe their salvation to Socrates."

Further on, Julian appeals to Aristotle to prove the superiority of popular government over an autocracy, and he quotes from the Stagyrite, "As to the government which is called absolute monarchy, which is the government of a king who has the

power to do what he likes, it appears to some to be contrary to nature that one man should be the master of all citizens; equality being a just and necessary natural law. To wish that right should reign, is to desire the reign of the divinity and the laws; to wish that a man should reign, is to desire the reign of a wild beast." What words to be used by an all-powerful emperor!

"Great is the mission of philosophy! To train three or four philosophers is to render a greater service to the human race than can be rendered by many kings together."

"For myself, it is neither hatred of work, nor the pursuit of pleasure, nor love of rest and idleness, which makes me detest politics; but I find in myself neither the science nor the natural superiority which I feel I should need in order to reign."

What sovereign, except perhaps St. Louis, has so thought or spoken! What a sentiment of duty! What humility! What homage to human thought!

To these earnest men, philosophy was not an inquiry of the mind, but a discipline of the life. It

was a true religion which possessed the whole being, and ruled every act of life. Listen again to Julian. In the "Misopogon" he recounts the austerities of his life: "Sleepless nights upon a mat; meals which hardly satisfied his appetite." When staying at his favourite Lutetia there was a severe frost and blocks of ice floated on the river; he was unwilling to have his room warmed. "I wish to accustom myself to bear this severe temperature that I might have modified by means of the stoves in use in almost every house of the country."

Philosophy, which guided his life, strengthened him in death. Julian went to the defence of the frontiers of the empire on the borders of the Euphrates, against the Persians. An arrow pierced his side, and he was about to die; his friends could not restrain their tears, he mastered his suffering, and, like Socrates, spoke till the last breath, of the sublime nature of the soul and its immortality.

The small part given to morality in our actual teaching fills both Luzzatti and myself with dread. It is true that the Catholics teach the catechism,

but can this teaching of lofty metaphysics, and the dogmas resulting from Alexandrian Platonism, be understood at the age at which it is learned? Does it take possession of the mind? Does it rule the conduct? Never. And in the primary and secondary schools, where religious teaching is excluded, what is there left to mould the moral and spiritual being? Nothing, or almost nothing. This fearful blank is undeniably chargeable with the weakening of the moral sense. If the gospel is banished, the children might at least be allowed Epictetus, or, better still, Marcus Aurelius. I should like a small book of well-chosen extracts of the proud morality of the ancient Stoics to be used as a *vade-mecum* in all classes. If we may not have the higher teaching of Christ, let us at least have the sort of "Imitation of Christ" of Stoicism, which would give us the kernel of that ancient philosophy.

The ancient languages are no longer taught in order to initiate us into the thought of antiquity. They are studied as exercises in grammar and lexicography. What does a pupil of our rhetoric class

know of the opinions and ideas of the Greeks and Romans? And yet the aim of education is to make men, not grammarians.

It is only amongst the Quakers, the Puritans, or Cenobites, that we find a universal feeling of religion or philosophy—*intus et in cute*, as Perseus says—equal to that of Julian or Marcus Aurelius. Christianity, from which laymen are more and more detached, still creates a sort of moral atmosphere, which is opposed to evil; though not with sufficient strength to control a violent desire. O Julian! O Themistius! austere servants of duty, how weak and miserable are we by your side! The idea of supreme good controlled all your desires, dictated all your actions, and inspired all your thoughts! Men will no longer have philosophy or religion. We must be content to study *what is*, nature and natural law, not what *ought to be*, the ideal. Thus between light literature, that scoffs at everything, and positivism, which admits only the discoveries of the scalpel and the microscope, faith and enthusiasm are killed. I can see only the Nihilists who still retain it. The absolute devotion

which leads to the free sacrifice of life is not drawn from the doctrine of absolute negation, and that is the direction in which, whether for this life or the next, society is tending.

In the afternoon the light carriage, drawn by the indefatigable pony, came round to take us to Possagno. The road was perfectly smooth, as in the Ardennes, but narrow, to spare land and labour. Each domain is bordered with hedges of gliditschia with its long prickles, and the beautiful malvaceæ which we cultivate in our gardens; the althea opens its rose and purple flowers. The country is charming; beyond the nearer hills rises a higher chain, which springs from the Rhœtian Alps. There are many vines, often wreathed from the trees, meadows, and well-cultivated fields. On the right is an immense palace with large colonades which belong to a "dogale" family of Venice. It is in the old style—statues, marbles, architecture; but no decoration borrowed from nature or vegetation. There are a few poplars, but no variety of trees or flowers. A little further on is a small villa, where a retired major

lives. He bought it, with three or four hectares of meadows and chestnut woods, for 25,000 francs. A smooth-shaven lawn, all sorts of flowers, different kinds of resinous shrubs, and climbing roses give it the look of an English cottage.

The contrast of the two periods is clearly shown. The princely villa, destitute of grace, where all is pomp and ostentation, is the aristocracy of the ancient *régime;* in the cottage of the major we see the present time. There is the comfort of home, the ornaments attained by botanical knowledge, an absence of show, and personal enjoyment!

The *fondation Canova*, which we visited at Possagno, is a large plain house, which was built under his direction, and which surrounds the small workman's house in which he was born. When Canova died he left his whole fortune, of above a million francs, to his brother, the bishop, with instructions that he was to build with it a church, which he had designed, a museum of sculpture in which to exhibit his works, and to use the revenue in works of public utility for the village and neighbourhood. All has

been executed to the letter. The present administration of the *fondation Canova* is the Syndic of Crespano-Veneto.

We first visited the sculptures. The building is very simple, but the impression is deep. One cannot but feel a vivid emotion at the sight of the collected works of genius, that one has before seen in Rome, Vienna, or Paris. There are Theseus and the Minotaur, The Three Graces, The Weeping Magdalen, The Wrestlers, Paulina Borghese as Venus, Napoleon, Titian's Tombstone, and busts of all the great people of the time. It is the Greek style of the Belvedere Apollo, and of the Venus de Medicis, a little slight and affected; not the simple, powerful beauty of the Venus of Milo and the sculptures of the Parthenon—Praxitiles perhaps, but not Phidias. There is high inspiration and perfect grace. The busts of Napoleon are masterpieces. They are the consecrated type that will be handed down to posterity. There is at Copenhagen a museum, in which all the works of Thorwaldsen are collected together, along with any other little reminders of him.

In the house we saw some of Canova's pictures, which he preferred himself to his statues. They are detestable imitations of David, the colouring is unendurable, and, oddly, even the design and composition have no charm. The library of the great artist, the portraits of his parents, some of his clothes, and his furniture, are all preserved with religious care. The church, which is a copy of the Parthenon, is opposite to the house. The situation is admirable, and was chosen by Canova himself. It reminds one of the Walhalla on the banks of the Danube, near Ratisbon, but it is much finer.

This monument is placed on the slope of a high hill overlooking the village, the ascent to it is through an avenue paved with small white stones, bordered with green trees, cut into hedges. On turning round, before entering the temple, the view is incomparable. An amphitheatre of green hills slopes gently to the plain of the Brenta. Beyond that may be seen the lagoons, and the white houses of Venice, Chioggia, Malamocco, then the softened azure of the distant sea; to the right is Padua and the

Euganian mountains, whilst on the north are the first slopes of the Alps.

George Sand, during the famous journey which left such bitter reminiscences in her own life and in Alfred de Musset's, wandered in this district, which is so little known to foreigners.[1] Here is her description of the village where Canova was born.

"The valley of Possagno is shaped like a cradle; it agrees with the size of the man who came out of it. It is worthy to have served a genius, and one feels that sublimity and intelligence grow freely in such a beautiful country and beneath so pure a sky. The clearness of the waters, the richness of the soil, the luxuriance of vegetation, the beauty of race in this part of the Alps, the magnificence of the distant views commanded from all parts of the valley, seem made expressly to nourish the highest faculties of the soul, and to excite the noblest ambitions. This kind of terrestrial paradise, where intellectual youth may grow with all the strength of its spring-time

[1] She gives her impressions in the first pages of her "Lettres d'un Voyageur."

sap; this immense horizon, which seems to call both acts and thoughts to the future—are they not the two principal conditions of a noble destiny?"

I re-read this "Lettres d'un Voyageur" which had left a deep impression on my memory. I find pencil marks, expressive of admiration, on almost every page. This style no longer pleases me. It has pomp, rhythm, a sort of musical charm, but it does not express precisely either the sentiments of the author or the aspects of the external world. All is vague. Who is the traveller? What does he really think? What does he see? What does he do? One can hardly guess. It is less definite than a dream. Decidedly the only style that does not grow old is the simple and natural one. Read a page of Voltaire; everything is exact, clear, transparent.

When one writes, it is in order to give the best possible expression to a thought. When the fashion of emphasis and declamation, of "mannerism," of the search for effect in words and epithets, has gone by, it seems as ridiculous as the gilded troubadours

on the clocks of the Restoration. Voltaire is perhaps too dry; his verbs lack picturesqueness and his adjectives colour; but how his wit and vivacity arrest the attention! If you wish for a more pleasing prose, but still one, where the image rises from the depths of the writer's nature, bringing with it a flavour of the soil, like a generous wine, take Bossuet's letters, St. Simon, and the letters of the Marquis of Mirabeau, the "Ami des Hommes." The style of George Sand resembles that of J. J. Rousseau without his great qualities, precision and force of expression, the "rendering" of a clearly conceived and embodied thought. Was not La Bruyère right when he wrote this in his chapter "La Société": "You wish to tell me that it is cold; why do you not say: It is cold? But you answer, that is easy and clear, and also, who is there who could not say as much? What does it matter? Is it so great an evil to be understood when one speaks, and to speak like every one else?"

Canova's church is built of native marble. It is lighted, like the Pantheon, from the dome. Here also are pictures and bas-reliefs of the master.

This imitation of the Pantheon, led me to reflect on the remarkably "solid" character of the Roman genius and architecture, which still inspires the Italians. Look at the Roman remains throughout the West, from the Cloaca Maxima of the earliest Roman age, to the Porta Nigra of Trèves, the aqueducts and amphitheatres, the "Pont du Gard" which is an aqueduct, the bridges over the Tiber which have resisted so many floods, the admirable piscina of Cape Mysene, the excavations of the Palatine and the Capitol. Everywhere we find massive blocks, firmly fixed upon the ground, intended not for elegance, but for eternal duration; the thought of an engineer rather than of an artist, the pursuit of the useful rather than the beautiful, and yet producing a strong æsthetic effect, through this simplicity itself, this "sovereign" solidity, and adaptation of the means to the end.

How much less delicate, simple, and profound is the literary genius of Rome than that of Athens, even after it has felt the Hellenic inspiration!

The Roman was obstinately conservative in politics

and law; he never introduced sudden and thorough changes into the constitution or the social order, as the Grecian states so often did. For instance, the Senate and the Consulate were preserved from the commencement of the Republic until the fall of the empire. Externally there was not much change in religion. Law was even less altered; the ancient laws were not erased, and those of the XII. Tables were enforced till the time of Justinian. Their application was modified by all kinds of fictions. The Italian character reminds one of the ox, which gave its name to the country, and which walks straightforward with a slow and heavy and firm tread. What a contrast to the lightness and variability of the Hellenes, and especially to that love of the ideal which shines in the dialogues and the "Republic" of Plato! And yet both Greek and Latin belong to the same race, speak a somewhat similar language, have received the same religious education, and have been supplied from the same literary sources. What makes the difference? Must it be attributed to the influence of Etruscan heaviness or of Umbrian gravity? *Chi lo sà?*

Not far from the temple of Possagno, in the midst of a garden, is a large building, a school, a gymnasium, with a boarding-school. Canova's legacy has founded it, and supports it. Young people from the rural districts who wish, on leaving the normal schools or seminaries, to fit themselves for the university, may learn classics here without being compelled to go to the town. Is not this legacy of Canova's an admirable thing, worthy of a great soul? Here are two villages abundantly and magnificently supplied with all institutions that will help to raise and benefit the inhabitants — schools, hospitals, parks, a museum, a church, and all the civilizing influences which follow in their train. How is it that so few rich people, even of those who have no children, think of doing like the great sculptor? Their name and their beneficent power would be perpetuated from age to age. Suppose each village owned land worth a million, the revenue of which should be spent in beautifying the locality, spreading there instruction, morality, and æsthetic feeling, how completely such a country would be transformed in a few generations! What facilities there would be for solving the social question!

We called upon the Syndic, who has small vineyards. The house, as usual in Italy, is not much to look at outside, but the rooms are very clean and well furnished. We speak of vines. The crop will be fine this year (1882) if the phylloxera does not come, and wine is dear. The cultivators only drink wine of the second pressure, which is very acid, except when they go to the *café*, where they have a pint or two (chopines) at thirty or forty centimes the litre. They never drink anything strongly alcoholic, and cases of drunkenness are very rare. What a contrast with our northern countries, where this evil is ceaselessly growing!

Thanks to Canova's gymnasium, a son of the Syndic has distinguished himself at his studies; he has an innate taste for the natural sciences. In his childhood he collected insects, butterflies, plants, minerals, and fossils. Two rooms are filled with his plants, boxes, and specimens. He is now at the university at Padua. Luzzatti assures me that he

will be an honour to Possagno. I remark that the Italian villages send many more recruits than ours to the ranks of literature and science. This is due, I think, to two causes; the southerner having, through the mildness of the climate, fewer necessities, is less exclusively attached to external interests. Besides, although the very poor in the villages are even more wretched than in the north, there is a class above them living on small means, but after the manner of the tradespeople of the town. They have some education, read the papers, and are much interested in politics. It is from amongst them that the Radical party is everywhere recruited, and even the Socialist party in the Romagnas.

This citizen life, which predominates in the country, is doubtless a heritage from the municipal organization of Rome. In most of the Italian provinces the cultivators do not live scattered amidst the fields which they till, but gather together in the centre of the commune, which thus becomes a borough if the country has many inhabitants. The labourer starts thence with his plough and oxen for

his day's work in the fields. Detestable system! how much time and trouble are wasted. It is true that sociability is developed. The type of an isolated family, reflective, taciturn, and sufficing for itself, as with the Anglo-Saxons, is very rare.

"Do you see," said Luzzatti to me, when we were on the hill-top, "that old dark tower down below? It is Asolo, the residence of the ancient Queen of Cyprus. I shall take you there to-morrow to show you how our popular banks solve the quadrature of the circle of political economy—agricultural credit."

III.

Asolo.

The road to Asolo, where we drove to see the popular bank, is very good, narrow, and smooth, as in England and Switzerland. The country is thoroughly cultivated. There are vines, wheat, maize, and even green meadows on the slopes of the hills, whose verdure is attributable to the dampness of the neighbouring Alps. Asolo, like many Italian towns, is situated on a height at the extremity of the ridge of a hill, so that the ground slopes rapidly, except on the side where the ridge is prolonged. Thus we have an extensive view in every direction. This confirms the statement of Carey, the American economist.

Formerly, instead of dwelling in the valleys where the ground was fertile and running streams

were close at hand, men were compelled to fix their habitations in high places, that they might be able to see the approach of the enemy from afar, and be better fitted to defend themselves. The Etruscan cities, the towns of Central Italy, and even the villages of Latium are perched on dry, steep hills where there is no water. This proves a state of permanent war which made the power of resisting a sudden attack the first necessity.

Here is a striking instance. On arriving at Pestum one sees a ruined village upon the scorched, bare mountain to the left. It is Capaccio-Vecchio. When the Saracens attacked Pestum in the ninth century the inhabitants, directed by the bishop, emigrated and sought a shelter on the neighbouring heights. The city of the plain, so prosperous in antiquity, was no longer habitable.

The popular bank in Asolo, which we visited first, is in the ancient palace of a patrician family; portraits, panelling, mirrors of the eighteenth century ornament the walls. The bank directors were all there to receive us.

They gave me the history of the starting of the institution. It was founded through the inspiration of Luzzatti and Schulze-Delitsch, but its success was due to the devotion of three or four of its originators, who took charge gratuitously of both the management and the discount and cash departments for several years. They gained the confidence of the small cultivators of the neighbourhood, and of the shopkeepers of Asolo. They taught them the machinery of credit, they received their savings, and made advances to them, even upon produce; in fact, they solved the question of agricultural credit, which is everywhere discussed without coming to any conclusion.

To-day the bank is active and prosperous. The board still gives its services, but the clerks receive suitable stipends. It is devotion to a right idea which accomplished all this. It is admirable, and affords a new proof of what I have already said, that patriotic and humane feeling is more active in Italy than elsewhere, except perhaps in England.

The foundation Canova, and the establishment of

the popular bank are typical facts. Suppose that we could find in each of our districts a knot of landowners and judicious men, who were willing to sacrifice the time which is required for the first establishment of such a mutual agricultural bank, we should have gained all the advantages of credit which are so often demanded on behalf of agriculture.

The list of subscribers proves that the popular bank of Asolo provides fully for agricultural credit. There were in December, 1881, 28 male landed proprietors and 2 women. Small proprietors, peasants, cultivators of various tenure, etc., 1,066 men, 52 women. Large manufacturers, 5. Small manufacturers, shopkeepers, and artizans, 252 men, 24 women. Day labourers, 22. Various professions, 128. Persons without any profession, 12 men, 7 women. Total, 1,595. Of the 6,694 bills discounted in 1881, 5,825 were on account of small farmers and shopkeepers.

Observe that Asolo has only 5,000 inhabitants. The bank discounts at 6 per cent.; it makes ad-

vances upon security of the public funds, upon produce and merchandise; it receives deposits upon current account and upon savings bank account at 4 or 4½ per cent., according to the period for which the deposit is made; it receives and issues drafts upon other places.

The Bank of Asolo has resorted to the issue of agrarian debenture bonds to increase the funds at its disposal. This was Luzzatti's idea. The popular agricultural banks pay 4 or 4½ per cent. on these debentures. They are for sums of 500 francs, and are intended to form a fund for the carrying on of agriculture. Their title is well chosen, because it makes those who take them understand that they are aiding a patriotic work, whilst their capital is safe; for these popular banks suffer but small losses, and they all have a paid-up capital as well as reserves. These debentures are called "Buoni del Tesoro dell' Agricultura, a scadenza fissa, presso le Banche popolari."

To make them still more secure, the popular banks of the province of Trevisa have associated

themselves together to issue bonds under their collective guarantee. They bear the signature of the president of the group, alongside of that of the president and cashier of the particular local bank which issued the debenture. Thus the security becomes absolute, and constitutes an investment of the first class, and "perfectly safe" as they say on the Bourse.

I have seen the circular signed by the President of the Federal banks, the lawyer Schiratti, of Preva di Soligo. It explains clearly the mechanism of the agricultural debentures. This combination is most ingenious, and deserves to be brought under the notice of our representatives, philanthropists, and financiers. Under these conditions our central savings bank could lend at 3½ per cent.

The service rendered by these agricultural banks to the cantons in which they are established, is not confined to making advances for agriculture, but consists also in drawing out, and putting in circulation, the unemployed savings of the people, thus facilitating work and production.

When the countryman understands that he can obtain 3 or 4 per cent. for his money deposited in the bank, with absolute security, he will no longer hide his coin in the earth, or leave it exposed to robbers. When a farmer goes to market and sells a cow, instead of bringing home the money in a bag, running considerable risk of assassination, he can take it at once to the bank in the town, which will transmit it to the local bank. The small cultivators of Asolo, who are thus brought into relation with the board of directors and look into the workings of the institution in which they are partners, receive in this way lessons of practical political economy, and the germs of valuable intellectual development. Shopkeepers, tillers of the ground, workmen and large proprietors are associated together. This is an invaluable advantage in these times of social struggles.

I am not one of those who believe, with Proudhon and the " mutual positivists," that the social question may be settled by perfecting the mechanism of credit and exchange. The social question is an affair of

distribution, not of circulation. But popular agricultural banks like that of Asolo may contribute considerably to assist production, and especially to accustom the humbler classes to the management of business, under the collective form of an association.

In Germany, a cultivator named Raiffeisen, the Burgomaster of a village, founded rural banks of a kind which have been established also in Germany and Austria-Hungary. Here are two extracts from a report on this subject which I presented to the Agricultural Congress at Mons in 1881.

" The rural banks of agricultural credit, which bear the name of Raiffeisenschen-Darlehn-Kassen-vereine, are established on a basis much resembling that of the popular banks. All the partners are jointly and separately liable, and generally advances are made only to members. Their operations are restricted to the commune in which they are established. This is a great safeguard, because the position of the borrowers is generally well known; therefore the losses are insignificant. They passed

through the two wars of 1866 and of 1870 without difficulty. The presidents and directors take no fees; only the book-keeper is paid. All the administration is therefore economically arranged."

"The indirect services of these local banks are considerable. Wherever they are established they have put an end to usury; they have formed centres of economic progress. There has often been formed, in the bank itself or in its immediate neighbourhood, what the Germans call a Casino; that is, a club where the members meet for conversation, amusement, or instruction. At the head of the Casino we find the doctor, the lawyer, the forest ranger, or sometimes the priest. They discuss improvements to be made; they notice instances of success; they consider the merits of such and such a proceeding, or of such and such a race of domestic animals. An agricultural journal or book is quoted and examined. Frequently some cultivators will combine to buy amongst them some manure, implements of husbandry, or an animal of fine breed. They engage jointly and separately to borrow from the bank the

sum needed for the purchase. The security is perfect, and progress is accomplished."

The "Journal de l'Association agricole de la Prusse Rhénane" ("Zeitschrift des landwirthschaftlichen Vereins für Rheinprussen") has several times enumerated the different direct and indirect advantages that the Raiffeisen banks have brought to the villages in which they are established. It is certain that in this way self-denying men, who would take the trouble to form like institutions in Belgium or elsewhere, might greatly contribute to the progress of agriculture there.

Raiffeisen attempted to unite all the rural banks which exist in Rhenish Prussia to the number of above a hundred, and established a mother bank at Neuwied (Landwirthschaftliche Central Darlehnkasse), which grouped thirty dependencies around itself; this is similar to what was done in the province of Trevisa for the agricultural bonds.

We were accompanied by the notabilities of Asolo on our visit to the town. There are some very curious palaces in the narrow streets of this small,

strongly-fortified city, which is still surrounded in some places with battlemented walls; some are in the Gothic style of the *Cà d'Oro* of Venice, others in the taste of the renaissance of Palladia, as at Vicenza. We visited a very beautiful palace with a magnificent colonnade, which is the residence of one of the administrators of the popular bank. He had made the large banqueting-hall into a drawing-room; it is two stories in height, with a gallery half-way; as in the pictures of Veronese, and a ceiling covered with mythological paintings. All the population of Asolo might assemble therein.

Asolo was inhabited in pre-historic times, as is proved by the stone implements and arms which have been found there. It was a flourishing place during the Roman period, and possessed marble temples, baths, and a theatre. There are inscriptions which give the names of the decurions, the quatuorviri, priests, and a curator. The Venetian Republic ceded Asolo to Catherine Cornaro, the famous Queen of Cyprus, who fixed her residence there in 1489. She gathered a court round her

where literature and the arts were cultivated. Pietro Bembo lived here. Before he became a priest he addressed his vows and verses to the queen. His collection of poems, "Gli Asolani," charmed the fine ladies who lived in a magnificent villa built by the queen in the neighbourhood of Asolo. It was called *Il Parco*, and it was celebrated for its statues, fountains, and curious menageries of rare animals. Their good lives still in the picturesque city, whose heroine is the Queen of Cyprus.

This is the wonder of Italy; no matter where you go, you are sure to find a remarkable monument, a work of art, an interesting trace of the past. Three or four civilizations have passed over the land, and they have left their mark upon the stones. M. Lenormant explains this well in the history of his travels in Southern Italy. Two strong castles still remain in Asolo; the one in the centre of the town was the residence of the Queen of Cyprus. The old tower and the central building are well preserved. The lower part of the castle has been turned into a prison, the upper into a theatre—what

a grotesque mixture! This theatre is charming—white and gold and very clean, and situated in a locality which we should call only a large village. On the ramparts, at the top, a garden has been laid out, filled with flowers and fruit. An old feudal ruin, *La Rocca*, rises on an abrupt peak which towers over Asolo with an air which is threatening still. We climb, under the heavy autumn sun, through a steeply sloping vineyard; abundant purple grapes ripen on the vine-stocks; lizards flee from our footsteps; the lavender and thyme that we crush spread their aromatic perfume. At the foot of the formidable black tower, a fig-tree and some ivy are rooted in the stones. We have here a delightful view over the neighbouring hills; we see the houses of the labourers surrounded with vines and chestnut-trees. It is good to live in this pure air, beneath this beautiful sky, in the midst of this smiling landscape, which awakes the idea of agricultural wealth and country happiness. It is there the depositors in the popular bank reside.

At the town-hall we found a small museum. There

were some Roman inscriptions, a charter from the Queen of Cyprus to the city of Asolo, some elegantly sculptured Arabian bronzes, fragments of ancient statues, and a beautiful marble statue of Canova.

On our return to Crespano, we visited the hospital for the pellagrosi. *Pellagra* (raw skin) is a fearful malady, which attacks those who are fed exclusively on maize, when they have eaten it without it having been sufficiently well dried. In Wallachia the country labourers eat nothing but maize, polenta, and pellagra is unknown, whilst in the province of Vicenza it attacks a fifth of the population. The skin becomes rough—sometimes black; goitres are developed, the intelligence is clouded, and the malady ends in idiocy or epilepsy. We found thirty women, sheltered in the large buildings of a former convent, and tended by sisters of charity.

Luzzatti questioned them about their life, and the motive which drew them to it. One of them answered with a vivacity, conviction, and loftiness of views which astonished us—

"Why are you here, my sister?"

"Because I believed I was called by God."

"But life amidst these unfortunates is frightful! Do you never think that you might enjoy life like others?"

"The feeling of duty accomplished gives a deep and permanent joy that hinders all regret."

"But do you not find, when you search the depths of your heart, that you are upheld by pride or vanity?"

"You are right, sir; that is the danger, and I question myself about it sometimes. But as I only obey my vocation and God, from whence could pride arise?"

"However, it is to inherit heaven that you sacrifice yourself. Do you not make a calculation and accept some sorrowful years here in exchange for an eternity of happiness?"

"It is true that heaven is my hope. But I have told you already that my life is not miserable. Is it a calculation? In any case, if it leads me to help the suffering, have you any reason to complain?"

"Do you interest yourselves in politics in the convent? What do you think of the King of Italy? Do they tell you that he is the enemy of the Pope?"

"No, sir, we have never heard that; we pray for the king and for the holy Father."

"I believe it," Luzzatti said to me, and he added: "The Primate of Venice, the head of the Venetian clergy, is a good patriot so far; but this is not the same everywhere. Is there not here an enormous power for good? What a pity that it is abused sometimes! Suppose that the materialistic or agnostic doctrines, now so much talked about, should triumph, what a blank there would be for humanity! Pursuit of perfection; hope of the kingdom of God, that is to say, of an order where justice reigns; love of God—meaning a principle which gives man a permanent rule of life, and which commands everything that is useful to the human race; these motives, which tend towards progress, would all disappear. If I obey Darwin's law of 'The struggle for life,' I crush the miserable for my own advancement and enjoyment; if I obey Christ's law, I become their servant in order to heal and raise them. The sister

is right. Let us say that she makes a calculation; but when a gambler throws away his millions on women or gaming at Monaco, he also makes a calculation. Instinctively, or through the force of reason, every one seeks happiness, even he who commits suicide. What it interests us to know as economists and sociologists is, whether it is the Christian or the atheist who goes the best way to advance the happiness of all men."

"I am quite of your opinion," I answered. "It is a question that may be settled by the comparative study of facts. Comparison of the different motives and the deeds which result from them: *à priori* studies in the deductive method. Then, comparison of results obtained: *à posteriori* and statistical studies in the inductive method. In the case under our notice all we can ask is whether it is beneficial to society to tend these pellagrosi and take charge of them?"

This brings up the question whether cure is possible for them. We ask the sisters, who tell us—

"Pellagra is solely the result of bad food. We

cure almost all, who have not reached the last stage of the malady, by giving them bread and meat, so prepared as to nourish them suitably. It all comes from poverty."

This is the distressing word I hear so often in Italy. The reader will permit me to refer to it again. The problem haunts me here, even more than elsewhere. Why should there be such deep misery in this beautiful country, where the soil is so fertile, where the vigorous sun makes the sap flow quickly, where the needs of life are minimized, and where there is no excessive overcrowding of the population? In Flanders there are too many people, sandy soil, severe and long winters, early autumns, and late springs. To cause misery in Italy either man must be very idle, or the social system very imperfect. I could certify that man does *not* refuse to labour; from the north to the south of the peninsula, I have seen the worker in the fields toil severely; therefore the truth must lie in the other alternative. Excessive taxes and rents are the deeply rooted causes of this misery. Some facts

noted by chance from the Italian journals are enough to prove this.

There was recently a disturbance by hungry country labourers at Magliano. *The Italia* sums up the reports of the local papers on this subject, thus—

"The principal proprietors and chief merchants of Magliano held a meeting at which facts were brought to light so grave, that if they do not justify the illegalities which were committed, they at least go a long way in that direction. It has been stated that there were workmen who for several days had eaten nothing but bran and herbs. Whilst others, having sick children, went about with a cup collecting the refuse of dressed fowls, to make a little broth with. It was stated that the farm contract may be thus summed up: the proprietor takes everything from the cultivator—maize, wine, wheat, and silk worms; even the wood belongs to the owner, although if a tree dies, the peasant is subject to a penalty of twenty-five francs."

These country people who eat grass, remind one of what the historians relate of the last years of Louis XIV.'s reign.

Still, on the whole, Italy is prospering, commerce is developing, the revenue is increasing, the budget shows an excess, and the politicians of the Chambers —I do not say the ministers—desire to adopt a great foreign policy. They dream of colonies and annexations.

Here is another example of the distressing contrast which strikes me every day in the Italian journals. I read in one of them: "Our great ironclad *Lepanto*, built at La Spezzia, will soon be sufficiently advanced to be launched. It will be the most powerful man-of-war in the whole world; neither France nor England has its equal. It will cost, when it is armed and ready for sea, at least 25,000,000 liras."

In another paper, *The Rassegna*, I find heart-rending details of the misery in Sardinia, which is aggravated by crushing taxes. "The fiscal continues to seize the land of many small proprietors, because they cannot pay the taxes. In this way the domain of the State extends continually, through the dispossession of the small proprietors, but it will be no

advantage to the State; it must also pay the communal and provincial taxes, and has no chance of selling the expropriated lands, for no one would buy them."

Here is an example which explains the situation. The small town of Ottano is situated in the midst of the plain of Tirso, Sardinia; agriculture is backward there, commerce and trade cannot increase for want of roads; it is often destitute of drinking water; malaria reigns in summer, poverty in winter. All the proprietors are behind hand in the payment of their taxes, some for eighteen years. The State desired to receive the taxes, and the inhabitants paid what they could. When they had exhausted their resources the fiscal wished to proceed to expropriation; but he perceived that it would be necessary to expropriate all the proprietors, including the Syndic and the *curé*. The expropriations were announced in alphabetical order, but the Central Administration withdrew them at the last moment. Indeed, what use is it to offer for sale, what no one will buy? The State would have been compelled

to appropriate—the whole territory of the commune. These are not exaggerated facts; *The Rassegna* states that they are drawn from official sources. It is a repetition of the latter time of the Roman Empire, when the taxes ruined the inhabitants of the country (1). If the money of the poor Sardinians was not required for workmen, fortifications, "repeating" barrel guns, and iron-clads, they would be able at least to make roads, to provide themselves with drinking water, and to improve the general cultivation. Military centralization and bureaucracy, with a "grand policy," large fleets, and large debts, crush the poor people who till the ground. Is it astonishing that Nihilism has arisen to throw down these engines of pauperization? How many villages must be ruined to build a *Lepanto?* Would all the expropriated of Ottano be enough to pay for it? They would hardly buy one of the famous hundred ton cannons. Did the officials who assisted at the festival of launching the famous iron-clad, the pride of Italy, ever think of the tears, the illnesses, the ruin, it had cost?

The Marquis of Castania, in a trustworthy book, "Del pressente dissesto Sociale," acknowledges the miserable condition of the agricultural labourer in Italy. He says: "It cannot be denied that throughout the greater part of Italy the condition of the Contadini is extremely wretched. They live, especially in the southern provinces, in small, damp, dark, dirty rooms, with the pig, who is the companion and hope of the family; only too happy if they can feed there some other domestic animal. They pass the night, piled one upon another, men and women, children and animals, upon the bed, the floor, or the chest, which is almost the only article of furniture. They work all day for an insufficient salary. For lack of bread, they eat only maize, or even in bad years, boiled grass. Whoever has visited Basilicata, Calabria, and most of the Sicilian provinces, will find no exaggeration in this description. Things are no better in the north, as is proved by the increase of pellagra. In 1875, 97,179 people were attacked by this frightful malady, 40,710 in Lombardy, and 29,296 in Venetia."

This state of the peasants reminds me of an engraving of Louis XIV.'s time: it represents a villager with this inscription, "Born to suffer." Upon the house is written, "Aim of the peasants, taxes paid." ("La vie rurale dans l'ancienne France," by M. Albert Babeau). There is the same idea in the legend written by Holbein at the foot of the labourer's figure, in his "Dance of Death:"

> "Thou shalt earn thy living
> By the sweat of thy brow."

George Sand, who quotes these lines in the preface of "Le Mare au Diable," gives an enchanting picture of the lot of the cultivator of the future. These beautiful pages, amongst the best she ever wrote, are worth re-reading. They were inspired by Pierre Leroux, and appeared first in his review, *Réforme Sociale*. These aspirations towards a better order, where justice should reign, haunted most of the romancers of that time, who were not content with merely a minute description of the rottenness of the present age.

In the preface of "Confessions d'un enfant du

Siècle," Alfred de Musset reproduces the same thought as George Sand, drawn doubtless from the same source, during their short and stormy intimacy.

"O people of future ages, when in a warm summer day, you follow your ploughs through the green fields of the country; when, wiping from your tranquil foreheads the holy baptism of sweat, you look round the immense horizon, where, in the human harvest of free men, no blade of wheat will tower above its fellows; when you are thanking God that you are born to share this harvest, think of us, who will be there no longer."

M. Lenormant, in the curious articles in which he describes the Basilicate in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is also struck with the extreme poverty of the cultivators. "I have spoken elsewhere ('Grande Grèce,' vol. i. pp. 172–185), in detail of the agricultural misery in the ancient kingdom of Naples, which was noticed at the same time by the authorized words of M. E. de Laveleye, and M. Adert of Geneva. I have depicted the sufferings of the peasant in the provinces, which are so fruitful by nature that they

ought to be a true Eden. The picture has been thought by some on this side of the Alps to be too darkly coloured. In Italy no one has thought so; no one has denied the facts that I pointed out. The papers re-published what I had written; it was made into pamphlets, and was so much talked about, that, in my last journey in some neighbourhoods, delegations from workmen's societies came to thank me for having shown the bare wound so openly" (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, April 1, 1883).

The Marquis of Castania shows clearly how this state of things produces agrarian Socialism. He quotes some curious extracts from incendiary writings addressed to the country people. It is a special literature. Here is an extract that I borrow from him—"Son of the peasant, thou hast the right, as thou hast also the strength. But the stone of thy sepulchre, sealed with ages of slavery, shuts thee up alive within. Soon the voice of Revolution will arouse thee with the cry—'Lazarus, arise!' Then, people of the country, thou wilt come out from thy dens armed with guns, hatchets, and scythes, and thou

wilt fight to the death the masters who crush thee" ("Cardias, Uno comune Socialiste," p. 28).

Gnocchi Viani briefly explains in his book ("I nostri Contadini," p. 15) what is the aim of the agrarian revolution: "Proprieta collettiva del suolo e Federazione dei comuni agricoli."

I have bought another small book which has the same intention, and which, I am told, was much talked of in Italy. It is called "La Voce d'un Contadino, Verona, Civelta, 1882." The author, S. di Collato, calls himself a peasant, and professes to relate only what he sees himself constantly. It is heartrending and alarming for the future. Here is a passage:

"When the contadino approaches the palace of his lord, and sees there a profusion of splendour and riches, columns, marbles, and gilding, he says to himself: 'Here is so much luxury; and in the hovel where I dwell the rotten joists are crumbling away. Here is so much money thrown away; and when I ask for glass in the window of my sleeping-room, I am told that the master is not rich enough to gratify

my whims. There are works by celebrated painters, and magnificent decorations on the ceilings; and the walls of my hovel are as black as an oven. There is the chiselled work of sculptors; my home is a den. There is a pavement of graceful mosaics; with me the earth is full of holes which my little children stumble over. There is costly furniture; with me, O Christ! not even a chair on which to sit down! And who am I really? Is it not I who cultivate the squire's land from morning till night, both summer and winter? And often I have not anything to satisfy my hunger! Is it not I who have made these riches? and what remains to me? An empty stomach and innumerable sufferings. O God! is it for this that I was created?'"

The contadino then shows, in separate chapters, the moral consequences of his misery—*Carattere—religione—moralità*. Character becomes soured, religion disappears, unbelief spreads in the country, morality is lowered. The peasant begins to prefer vice, licensed by the State, to legitimate love. "La dovè il pudore scappa via a tiro di ale e la sfaccia-

taggine gavazza nel suo pantano; li dove tutto si adima, tutto s'imbestialisce, purtroppo anco il contadino principia a portare il suo obolo."

The Marquis of Castania points out the fact that in other days the peasant accepted his hard lot as a necessity; he looked upon it as the will of Providence, which bestowed the joys of heaven on those who unmurmuringly accepted their trial. "They (the peasants) accepted the oppression of the rich, the clever, and the distinguished, as an inevitable thing, like rain or hail" (Montigny, "Memoires de Mirabeau").

"Faith and obedience were heritages; a man is a Christian and dependent because he is born so" (Taine, "L'Ancien Régime," book iii. chap. 3).

To-day the thirst for equality arising from Christianity still exists, but it is turned to bitterness and violence, because the feeling of religious resignation, which arose along with it, has vanished. It is easier in Italy than elsewhere to study the aspirations towards revolution and social anarchy, which are produced by the contrast of an ideal dream with the harsh reality, because the problem here is purely one of social

relations. There is no addition, as in Ireland, of oppression by another race, or contention between rival churches; nor are there traditions of violent conflict as in Spain. (See *La Mano Nera* in Andalusia.) The Italian contadino is by nature gentle and obedient, resigned to work and respectful to his masters; he still retains somewhat of the feelings of the olden time. Nothing but hunger will rouse him to rebellion. The local agrarian tumults, so common in Italy, have never any other cause.

As I was preparing a second edition of "Contemporary Socialism," I took with me a volume of Helvetius which is not much known ("De l'Homme," 1776); but in which is found the order of ideas which resulted in the unconscious Socialism of the French Revolution, the Utopian Socialism of Babœuf, of Fourier, of St. Simon, and of Owen, and even the scientific Socialism of our day. I will give some extracts which bear on the social condition of Italy. The reader will enjoy them more than my desultory talk. How rapid, clear, and striking is the language of the eighteenth century—going straight to its aim.

How heavily we tread! even those who brighten their inaccurate words and dull exposition by brilliant metaphors and showy words! The secret of Voltaire's style is that he speaks quickly and clearly, and dares to say everything without the encumbrance of adjectives and colour.

"An English lord who disembarked in Italy went through the country about Rome, and suddenly re-embarked. He was asked, 'Why do you leave this beautiful country?' He answered, 'I can no longer bear to see the unhappiness of the Roman peasants; their misery breaks my heart; they have lost even the human face'" (Sec. IV. chap. 15).

"Does every citizen possess some wealth in the State? Then the desire of preservation is undeniably the general wish of the nation. If, on the other hand, the largest number have no property; then robbery becomes the general wish of this same nation" (Sec. VI. chap. 7).

"If a government grants its subjects the possession of their wealth, life, and liberty; if it opposes a too unequal redistribution of wealth; if all its citizens

are in fairly easy circumstances, it has provided all the means of being as nearly as happy as possible" (Sec. VII. chap. 24).

I notice, in reference to the search for better legislation, a chapter headed—"Whether, by the subdivision of property, the laws would be able to unite the interests of the greater number of the people with the interests of the country." I quote the following passages:

"In order to preserve a certain equality in the division of wealth, it would be necessary, as a family dies out, that a part of the property should be given to neighbouring and more numerous families." And this pessimist maxim, "Man's injustice is limited only by his power."

The rich financier, Helvetius, speaks of the evils of inequality and of the sufferings of the people, in the same way as our socialists now. As was pointed out by Tocqueville, these men of the eighteenth century never dreamt of being understood by those below them. They seemed to belong to another race, and to speak another language. Literary men

expressed this both in their books and conversation; they thought that only those of their own class could understand them. Here is what Helvetius dared to write:

"Excessive luxury, which is the almost invariable companion of despotism, supposes that a nation is already divided into oppressors and oppressed, robbers and robbed. But if the number of the robbers is the smallest, why should they not yield to the efforts of the greater number? To what do they owe their safety? To the impossibility of the robbed being able to send round the summons and assemble on the same day; besides, the oppressor, with the money already taken, could always pay an army to fight and conquer the oppressed" (VI. 9).

"The almost universal unhappiness of men and nations arises from the imperfection of their laws, and the too unequal division of wealth. In most States there are only two classes of citizens, the one lacking necessaries, the other gorged with superfluities."

"The first can only provide for his wants by excessive work; which is a physical evil for all, and

a torture for some. The second lives in plenty, but suffers the torments of *ennui*."

"Most empires must, therefore, be peopled with the unhappy. What must be done to bring them back to comfort? To lessen the wealth of some and increase that of others to enable the poor man abundantly to supply the wants of his family by seven or eight hours of work? He is then as nearly happy as is possible. How many evils, besides *ennui*, trouble the rich? How many cares and worries they have that they may preserve and increase a large fortune? What is it to be a rich man? It is to be the steward of a large house, charged to feed and dress the valets who tend him."

"The happiness of a rich man is a complicated machine which is always requiring some readjustment."

"When all citizens are possessed of some property by law, the poor will be saved from the horror of poverty, and the rich from *ennui*. Both will be happier."

"Men would be happy if there was a form of government which allowed them, in some comfort, the possession of their wealth, life, and liberty combined" (VIII. 4).

"A small fortune is enough for a busy man. The largest is not enough for an idle one."

"A hundred villages must be ruined to amuse an idler."

"It is the rich idler, not the poor man, who feels the most keenly the need of great wealth. Therefore nations are ruined and over-taxed, and citizens are deprived of necessities, only to provide for the expenses of tired idlers" (VIII. 5).

Contrary to the opinion of economists now, but in agreement with Rousseau, Montesquieu, and most of the thinkers of the eighteenth century, Helvetius attributes to the laws a great influence over the happiness of mankind and the prosperity of nations. He often says—

"Let be made good laws, rewarding virtue and punishing vice; they will guide the citizens towards the general welfare, whilst allowing them to follow

their irresistible inclination to benefit themselves individually."

"The unhappiness of nations comes from the imperfection and consequent stupidity of their laws. The laws do everything."

"Good legislation compels virtue" (X. 6).

Helvetius is, with Diderot, the precursor of Fourier. He thinks of the *Papillonne*, and wishes to make pleasure the spring of social activity.

"If it is true that the desire of change is as much in accordance with human nature as it is said to be, it might be offered as the reward of merit. In this way we might try to make warriors braver, magistrates juster, artizans more industrious, and men of genius more studious."

"What kind of pleasure is there which might not become, in the hands of a skilful legislator, a means of public happiness?" (VIII. 11.)

I notice some maxims full of sense:

"The truth, always useful to him who hears, harms only him who speaks it" (IX. 5).

"The proverb says, 'God alone knows what fools

will do.' We can never foretell their actions. The principles of a well-balanced mind are comprehensible, and we know what they will dictate."

I find also in this book "De l'Homme" a confirmation of my own remark that Protestantism is more suited than Catholicism to the development of national freedom. The materialist, Helvetius, is a witness, who was unblinded by dogmatic preferences.

"What is the object of moral science? It can only be the general welfare. If virtues are demanded from individuals, it is that the virtue of each may increase the happiness of the whole. We see that the only way to make nations at once enlightened, virtuous, and fortunate is to guard their property as citizens by good laws, to arouse their industry, to allow them to think and to communicate their thoughts. Now, is the papal religion the most favourable to such laws? Are men more secure of their life and wealth in Italy and Portugal than in England? Do they enjoy greater freedom of thought? Is the government one of higher morality? Is it less harsh, and, therefore, more honourable?"

"On the other hand, is it not proved by experience that the Lutherans and Calvinists of Germany are happier and better governed than the Catholics, and that the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland are richer and more powerful than the papal ones? The reformed religion, then, tends more directly than the Catholic to the public welfare; it is therefore more suited to the aim held up by morality. It inspires higher morals, having the happiness of the race for their standard" (I. 12).

We visited the primary communal school for girls at Ceprano. It is in the hands of nuns. They do not refuse then to direct the official schools of this kingdom of Italy, made by brigandage, and anathematized by the Pope, because it took away his States! The school is a large four-storeyed building, with classes on each storey, and plenty of room. Its building is due to the Canova fund. The nuns received us kindly. They taught handiwork of various kinds, and even weaving. There is here the germ of an industrial school, which seems to me excellent. The children sang together. They also

exercised their memory a good deal; they recited some pretty verses to us. Intelligence and the reasoning powers are less cultivated; but the children seem to me more advanced than ours of the same age. They are of a refined, intelligent, charming race. What lovely types! What classic profiles! What beautiful eyes! Canova had only to look round to find Greek models. With us, especially in Flanders, where the human race is debased by the excessive consumption of potatoes, the human crust is much less ethereal.

In Italy, as in all Catholic countries, great importance is attached to the separation of the sexes. We have also the same system. Heavy expenses are thus imposed on the communes, and the teachers are obliged to superintend the scholars of three or four divisions. With the mixed system the lady teacher takes the two lower classes, and the man the two higher ones. In Holland, and even more in the American States, excellent results have been obtained by the general custom of teaching boys and girls in the same schools. The girls keep

on the boys' level, and often rise above them; they are no longer treated as beings endowed only with inferior intelligence. The boys learn better manners, they are accustomed to mix with girls, and so the imagination is less excited in picturing the unknown.

M. Neuville, a man of great experience in primary teaching, and formerly Burgomaster of Liège, who is a decided partizan of mixed schools, told me in corroboration of his opinion, that according to his experience, the boys fell into fewer faults in families consisting of boys and girls than in those consisting of boys only. He would like the teaching in all grades to be open to the public. He has seen it so at Carlsbad, and has heard that it is so everywhere in Bohemia. A place is reserved for the parents at the bottom of the class, as in a court of justice. A mat deadens the sound of footsteps. The parents come from time to time to listen to the lessons. Scholars and masters, kept thus on the alert, are more watchful and more active. This is better than the best possible system of inspection: it is a permanent control. Certainly this is a good idea! In a demo-

cracy the people must closely watch the progress of good institutions which they originate, and for which they pay. In the township of New England, the parents themselves direct and overlook the school. It is their work and that of their kindred. But, like the mixed school, all this is a direct and special growth of Protestant, and especially Puritan, civilization. Would the same thing be possible in a Catholic country? Whatever our Agnostics say, religion still pervades everything—ideas, manners, institutions. The spirit of Catholicism is one of authority and obedience; the spirit of Protestantism is one of liberty and self-government. Do you wish that a country should govern itself? If it is Protestant this will be in accordance with its nature—look at England and the States. If it is Catholic, this will be contrary to its nature—look at Mexico, Peru, and elsewhere. So long as the Catholic blindly obeys his priest you have order and calm—look at the Tyrol and Canada. If he rebels against him you have revolution—look at Spain.

IV.

CRESPANO-VENETO.

LUZZATTI talks to me for a long time about a curious type of co-operative society, little known even in Italy itself, which might serve as an example for experiments of this kind. It is the "Società artistico-vetraria d'Altare."

The twenty-fifth anniversary of its establishment was celebrated last August (1882). All the workmen met at a fraternal banquet, where besides Luzzati himself, other friends of the co-operative movement were also welcomed; Simonelli, general secretary to the Minister of Agriculture, and the deputies Boselli, Sanguinetti, Berti, Faldelli, and the Senator Saracco.

Many deputations from workmen's societies brought congratulatory addresses.

It was truly the festival of labour. Altare is a town in the neighbourhood of Savona, in Montferrat. The art of glass-making was brought there in the tenth century by a colony of Flemings.

How was it that these Northerners brought from beyond the Alps an art which they had certainly learnt from the Romans? Two works have been published on this subject, "Industria del vetro in Italia e sull' arteVetraria in Altare, nella sua origine," by Enrico Boldoni, secretary of the Society of Glass-workers, and the "Università dell' arte vitrea di Altare, della sua origine a nostri giorni," by Gaspare Buffa (1879). The old families of glass-workers have retained their armorial bearings from the Middle Ages, for a diploma of an ancient Marquis of Montferrat, the 12th June, 1512, which authorized the trade, also ennobled those who practised it. When the noble art was introduced into the Belgian provinces the workmen were styled gentlemen glass-workers.

In 1856, Dr. Cesio established a co-operative

society among the glass-workers of Altare, in accordance with ideas which they had suggested themselves. Eighty-four artists and all the glaziers joined. Their capital only amounted to 14,585 francs. Their circulating capital was too small; they increased it by imposing upon themselves a weekly reserve until 1863, and afterwards by a deduction of profits. To-day they possess a capital of more than 400,000 francs.

The Co-operative Society for production has founded two branch institutions. One a Home for those in old age, the other a society for mutual help. They obtained the Gold Medal at the Milan Exhibition in 1881.

I said to Luzzatti: "See how this solves the social question. Capital and labour are united and the struggle between these two factors of production ceases. But the example of Altare can only be followed by workmen of high moral and intellectual culture; for they must first have enough perseverance and, let us say it, virtue, to acquire capital, and, in the second place, they must have sufficient intelli-

gence to direct its use wisely amidst the changes and crises of the actual economic world.

"Without these two essential qualities any attempt to apply the socialist or collective system must fail. Give full power to a Karl Marx or a Lassalle to enable him to suppress property and proprietors, to divide the wealth to his liking, to manipulate the social order to his own fancy, and if the workmen are incapable of keeping and using well the means of production, we should soon return to the existing system.

"It is the same in politics; a nation which is not fit to govern itself will, with fatal certainty, fall back beneath an authoritative rule. Altare shows us the port, but how many labourers are capable of reaching it?"

Luzzatti and I spoke of the foreign policy of Italy. Being a member of all the peace societies, I returned to my habitual theme with as much conviction, but with no more prejudice than heretofore. Europe, I told him, abuses the adage, "Si vis pacem, para bellum." When preparations for war are carried to the point at which we now see them, they will

surely lead to conflict. They ruin the nation internally, they sow the seeds of discontent and revolution which may become the causes or occasions of external strife. The great States, armed to the teeth, resemble wild beasts sharpening their claws and fangs, watching and lying in wait for one another, always ready to attack the enemy at an opportune moment. The danger of the situation is that each expects to be attacked should signs of weakness be shown, and therefore feels the evident and certain duty to be to make advances when there seems to be a chance of victory; therefore, also, they seek to gain allies for the struggle, besides keeping up their own immense armaments; and thus a permanent state of universal contention and blind quarrels is brought about, which is not much less painful than war itself. Italy, it is said, has entered into one of these alliances, in view of the final struggle for which all are preparing.

But Italy is separated from the rest of the Continent by a clearly defined geographical frontier. No neighbouring State would dream of seizing one of her

provinces, or the least shred of her territory, for that would be contrary to the generally recognized principles of nationality, and she is cherished by all as the second mother of our civilization. Italy would have nothing to fear if she were content with a position similar to that of Switzerland or Belgium, which is the most favourable to the safety and prosperity of the people. Why should she take part in these compromising and dangerous alliances, that may one day cost her so dear?

Luzzatti answered, "As an economist I can desire nothing better for my country than a position similar to that of Belgium, but there is a permanent danger for us in the claims of the Pope, from which you are free. At present there is nothing in this to disturb us, but if there should be a Restoration in France, the king would uphold the papal interests in order to secure the help of the clergy. Austria is still a State swayed by clericalism; she might, then, also become our enemy. These are the perils we have to guard against, therefore Italy looks after her military power, and seeks allies."

I answered, "I cannot deny the uncertainties of the future both for your country and mine, and for the whole of Europe; but I cannot help thinking that a policy of aggressive alliance is more dangerous for Italy than one of complete and exclusively defensive neutrality. Suppose the Monarchy were re-established in France: it would assuredly require the support of the clergy; but this would come to it naturally, it would not be necessary to make war on Italy and re-establish the temporal power in order to obtain it. That would indeed be madness, for it would not be enough to give back to the Pope his former lands, it would be necessary to secure them to him, and that could only be done by ruling them with foreign garrisons. Could such a work be lasting, and at this price would the Sovereign Pontiff desire it? Ecclesiastical principalities are things of the past, which cannot possibly be restored. All foreign governments understand that. If you remain neutral, and threaten no one, you will not be attacked; but, by your alliance with Germany, you will become eventually the enemy of France, who will destroy

you if possible. It appears to me, therefore, that by conjuring up the danger you cause it.

"Certainly, the triple alliance of which you form a part gives you great strength, but 'Les destins et les flots sont changeants.' How long will it last? Will it outlive its originator? It is a master-stroke of his policy to have forced Austria, conquered at Sadowa, to seek the help of Germany, that she may advance in the Balkans. So long as the great Chancellor lives no one will venture to rebel or to shun his alliance, because they fear the resources which are always ready in his arsenal; but when his powerful hand no longer controls European equilibrium, new alliances may be made. We shall, perhaps, see those of the Seven Years War reformed: Russia, France, and Austria banded together against Prussia to punish her too great success. Will there then be found a Frederick II., or a Moltke to head the whole of Europe? And, in this case, if you are faithful to your ally, what will be your fate? And if you desert him in the hour of peril, what is your conduct? Prince Bismarck would

doubtless desire to bring about a definite settlement of the situation before he disappears, but can he hasten events at his will? Will not the present Emperor and his successor refuse to make war? Can the Chancellor bring it about in spite of the contrary wishes of almost the whole of Europe? In any case, you are engaged to fight for others: I see clearly the harm it may bring upon you, but I fail to perceive the advantages which it can give you. You say, you are only bound to help your allies if they are attacked, not if they are the aggressors; but is it not always possible to compel an attack? Neutrality—armed and watchful neutrality if you will, but still neutrality—that is my last word to you, as to us."

Luzzatti was obliged to go to Bassano to meet a deputation of electors. The new electoral law has amalgamated his college with two neighbouring ones, which returned, the one Bonghi, the other Visconti Venosta.

We started after an early breakfast in a light carriage. The road was very pretty, in good order, narrow, bordered with poplar and elm-trees. We

passed by cultivated fields, still partly covered with maize, good dwellings for the peasants, and large handsome churches in the village. When we got near the town these gave place to the white and well-kept villas of the Venetian patricians.

During his conference with the delegates I visited the museum, which is situated in an ancient convent, by the side of the principal church. The college is there also. Canova reigns here too, and by his side is the painter of popular scenes and strong colouring, Jacopo da Ponte, who bears the name of his birthplace, Bassano. Canova is represented here, as at Possagno, by many plaster re-productions and some original statues. But there are also some chests of the greatest interest. They are full of Canova's sketches, drawings, writings, and the letters which he received. Here we have the whole of Canova, as a man and as an artist. It is strange that no monument is erected to him here, which was his second country, though not his birthplace. All these memorials were bequeathed by his brother, the bishop.

In every museum in Italy we find the pictures of Bassano. They are generally scenes from common life, especially markets, which are supposed to depict incidents from the Bible. He understood it in the same realistic and democratic fashion as Rembrandt. But here are some of his pictures of much higher worth and marvellous execution, which bring to one's remembrance Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin" in Venice. There are also some very good ones in the cathedral.

I noticed a wonderful sketch by Tiepolo. It represents a scene which it is difficult to describe; there are some Moors in the rays of the setting sun. A few strokes of the brush have produced Rembrandt's rapid and mysterious irradiations of melted gold. Realism and poetry; I return constantly, I cannot leave it. There is a fine Mantegna, and I notice at least forty good pictures; but who visits Bassano?

The great question to settle in Luzzatti's interview with the delegate of his electoral college (which is composed under one name of three former

colleges), was whether it was desirable to support Bonghi's candidature. There was no difficulty about Luzzatti, who was sure to be chosen almost unanimously. Visconti Venosta was accepted without protest by the electors of the Right, the dominant party in Venetia, who remembered his brilliant success as Minister of Foreign Affairs. But the name of Bonghi raised great objections. He is a Neapolitan; he never visited his constituents, nor allowed their importunities to trouble his serene calm; and this they did not forgive. His freedom of speech and readiness to attack his adversaries made him many enemies. The delegates hesitated to put his name on the list. They feared, not only that he would not be elected, but that he would cause the loss of many votes to his fellow-candidates, and perhaps involve Visconti in his fall. Luzzatti refused to admit these timid calculations. He said, "Bonghi is one of the first statesmen in Italy; one of her most learned men, her finest writers, and most influential orators. Any college which can gain him for a representative ought to consider itself highly

honoured. Therefore we must not draw back; it ought to be regarded as a point of honour not to desert any of the three out-going deputies."

"I shall risk my popularity," added Luzzatti; "I ask formally that he may be placed on the list. We will triumph or fail together."

Bonghi, Visconti, and Luzzatti were all nominated together, and all three were elected—Luzzatti with an almost complete unanimity of voters. It is a great privilege for the college of Vittoria-Oderzo to have for representatives three of the most eminent parliamentarians in Italy, who have a reputation throughout Europe.

We visited the town whilst the carriage was being got ready. The bridge over the Brenta was burned during Napoleon's first campaign, 1796. There are bullets still fixed in the walls, where they are kept, with the addition of the date. In the deserted streets of the high parts of the town there are some palaces with battered coats of arms, and almost effaced frescoes of the fifteenth century. In all Italian towns, even those which are most secluded,

there were, towards the close of the Middle Ages, rich families who loved the arts, and used them to ornament their dwellings. This forms the strong interest of a journey in Italy; outside of the usual routes, we make fresh discoveries every day.

Old walls, intersected by high towers, surround the little town. Outside the walls, and approached through a gap left in them, is a walk on the summit of the hill; at the bottom of a steep slope flows the Brenta. George Sand also mentions this view in her "Lettres d'un Voyageur." It is, in truth, enchanting. The valley is imbedded between parallel lines of smiling, wooded, or cultivated hills, beyond which the outspurs of the Alps are visible. White houses with red-tiled roofs show their pronounced colouring against the deep green of the vines. The soil is very fertile. Hemp and maize grow two metres high. The habitations, scattered over the country, are very near to each other, but the land bears so many different crops that it looks as if it ought to bring a competence to all. Many cultivators are also owners. Unhappily, taxes,

mortgages, and rent take the best part of the returns. This is the burden of the cry that one hears incessantly.

At Crespano I visited the workmen's houses and the farms. The workmen's houses are seldom of only one story, as with us. They contain generally two rooms on the ground floor, two bedrooms on the first floor, and a garret. There is more room than in our Flemish cottages. The furniture is different also. There is a very large bed, substantial wardrobes, and the large wedding chest, with mouldings and paintings, having evidently belonged to rich people; but the whole is spoiled by a thick coating of dirt and dust. There is even a copper warming-pan. What strikes me the most, accustomed as I am to the extreme cleanliness of even the poorest cottages in Flanders, is the want of care which is everywhere visible. The walls, instead of being plastered, whitewashed, and repaired, every year, as in our Flemish hamlets, are uncouthly rough; the brick work is often left bare or re-covered unevenly with plaster, which

is blackened by smoke, soot, and all kinds of dirt. This makes these rooms, which are lighted by small windows, look like caverns. The outside of the rural dwellings is often whitewashed, but not the interior. No one would dream of ornamenting their repulsive walls with picture-frames or china, as all our workpeople do. In this dark and dirty interior one would never think of dressing carefully, or of brushing and mending one's clothes. Everything betokens lack of care. The Sunday clothes are kept in large wardrobes; they are elegant and durable, but when they are worn out they are never mended. The agricultural labourer earns without his food, 1 franc 25 centimes in summer, 1 franc in winter, and 2 francs 50 centimes during the harvest. When a woman can find work she earns 80 centimes (8d.).

I came next to a large farm in which dwelt a patriarchal family of three brothers, of whom two were married. They had many oxen for field work, a few milking cows, and sheep on the mountain. The buildings were large and solid, with immense barns; we meet always the tradition of the Roman

builder, who fashioned stone into monuments. The solidity defies time, but as there are never any repairs, the whole has a dilapidated look, as though it were on the verge of falling in ruins. Thence comes the picturesqueness of Italian villages, which is so pleasing to artists. The interior of the farmhouse is as black as the workman's cottage, though the people here are very well off. They eat their own fowls and turkeys, and drink wine without stint. Their clothes are ill-arranged and dirty, beyond what would be necessitated by the work they do; but on Sunday they are dressed like you and I, and drive in a carriage.

We visited a proprietor of Crespano who has a taste for race-horses, English racers and Russian trotters; he has thirty; half of them are in the mountains, where he has a stud. His trotters are celebrated; they are beautiful black animals, bought in Russia. They have gained all the prizes in Italy and even in Austria. On every victory, besides the money prize, he has a small tricoloured flag upon which the name and date are inscribed. He has a room full of these trophies; his harness and carriages of all kinds are

kept in large saddle-rooms and coach-houses. All this represents a considerable outlay, and yet this man lives very simply in the village of Crespano, and is contented with an unpretending house, like an English gentleman farmer.

In England none can run race-horses who are not very rich. Here it becomes a widely-spread taste in country houses, as it is in Friesland; it will lead to improvement in the breeding of horses.

I learn that the island of St. Helena, which is in the Venetian Lagoon, between the public gardens and the Lido, has been turned into a factory for the construction of locomotives. To establish this, the ruins of a church, which was built in the early ages of Christianity, were destroyed. The odious smoke from the chimneys will cover the white marble of St. Mark's, and the rose-coloured marble of the palace of the Doges, with soot. The mosaics, the statues, the beautiful façades of the old palaces will be soiled by the black and sticky smuts which disfigure all the monuments in London. Venice will be transformed into an annex of the Black Country. The steam-

boats on the Grand Canal will finish the work of destruction. Alas! that the marvellous city sung by the poets, the most perfect collection of architecture ever raised by the hand of man, "The Stones of Venice," described by Ruskin, the pearl of the Adriatic, should be sullied by manufactures!

"Here," I said to Luzzatti, "is one of the most atrocious crimes of your system of protection. The English æsthetes have cried aloud in fear and despair. Will Europe, and especially Italy, refuse to listen? At least the municipality might insist upon the use of suitable coal, which will not produce much smoke."

Luzzatti answered, "But is it not also necessary that our workmen should earn their living? Would you condemn them to always owe their miserable sustenance to public charity?"

"That is true," I said, "for the manufacture of glass at Murano, and of lace at Burano; add to these all artistic professions, which find their most perfect models here. But the great metallic manufacture of Venice, with coal that costs 40 francs per ton, is artificial and contrary to nature. You can only

manage it by imposing a considerable tax on your railways, through the prices resulting from protective rights. It would be well to remember a small pamphlet by Bastiat : 'Ce qu'on voit et ce qu'on ne voit pas,' 'What one sees and what one does not see.' What one sees is some thousands of busy workmen, occupied certainly, but with very dirty work. What one does not see is that the money paid by the shareholders of the railway would have given a livelihood to many more workmen than are employed in your over-protected factories. Is it not evident that in uselessly increasing the national expenses for metallic products, you are hindering more men from gaining a living, than you are employing? Then there is also all the needless expenses, impediments, barriers, and dangers of all kinds which result from a protective system. What a pitiful political economy! Always to sacrifice the country people, who are mute, and the nation which allows itself to be bled to the last drop, in order to enrich some manufacturers who appeal through the press and the Chambers."

The Emperor Julian and Themistius, whom we delight to talk about in the evening, when we philosophize by moonlight, led us to speak of Marcus Aurelius, to whom Renan has dedicated his last book.

Renan appreciates very well Marcus Aurelius and his "Thoughts;" but I do not agree with him when he places them level with, and even above, the gospel.

"The true eternal gospel," he says, "is the book of 'Thoughts,' which will never grow old, because it affirms no dogma. The religion of Marcus Aurelius, like the religion of Jesus at times, is the absolute religion; that which results from a high moral conscience applied to the facts of life. It is of all races and countries. No revolution, no progress, no discovery can change it" ("Marcus Aurelius," p. 272).

In my opinion it is one of the greatest triumphs of the gospel, that in the name of ideality and justice, it rebels against the world and existing facts. As Renan has himself pointed out, in his preface to Ecclesiastes, the grandeur of the prophets, from Job

to Jesus, consisted in their protest and revolt against natural laws and established customs. The whole of Christianity is included in this sublime aspiration towards the "Kingdom of God," whose gospel is "glad tidings," *Ευ-αγγέλιον*. This is the source of the hatred of sin, of the desire for what is better, and consequently of the progress of modern times.

It is impossible to admire too highly the elevation, purity, and severity of the stoicism of Marcus Aurelius. It was the most perfect form of ancient virtue, but it was resigned to the established order of things, which it even deified. All that happens, all that exists, results from necessary laws, which may be explained, if possible, but must always be accepted and revered. Cosmos is the manifestation of the Divine will. The world, as it is, is God Himself. "All that thou arrangest, O Cosmos, is right for me. Nothing which comes at the right time for thee is too soon or too late for me. Whatever thy seasons bring, O Nature, is the right fruit for me. Everything comes from thee. Everything is in thee. Everything goes towards thee. . . . If the gods

are supremely good and just, they have allowed nothing in the government of the world that is contrary to right and justice."

This thought returns perpetually in Marcus Aurelius. Whilst the stoic accepts natural laws as expressions of the Divine order, the Christian looks on the world as so thoroughly infected with evil that he hopes for an approaching catastrophe which will reduce it to ashes, to make room for "new heavens and a new earth." The first feeling produces inertia and immobility; the second leads to reform and progress. Therefore it is the gospel, not stoicism, that is at the root of our society.

Luzzatti reproached me for having said, in my little volume, "Elements d'économie politique," that this science had no natural laws.

"I confess," I answered, "that my expression is very dogmatic, but I believe it is founded on truth. There are doubtless some facts, arising from physical necessities, which merit the title of laws of nature. For instance, man seeks pleasure and avoids pain. Self-interest and need are the springs of action. The

amount of the means of subsistence governs the number of the population. When many people wish to have the same thing it will be dear; it will be very low-priced when no one desires it. All that is only a substratum, provided by anthropology. If these truisms were economic laws they would be accepted without discussion, for they are self-evident; and as, like all physical necessities, they impose themselves, it would be superfluous to teach them. True economic laws, which are social laws, are eagerly debated, because they proceed from man's free will, and he can modify them to his needs. There is a rational order, an ideal conformed to reason, which the thoughtful man ought to discover. If the legislator takes it as his rule, he makes good laws, which ensure the prosperity of nations; if he discards it, he makes bad laws, which ruin them—as, for instance, in Italy, when you create factitious industries at the expense of the ratepayers."

Mably foresaw all this in the last century. I took up a small volume in your library yesterday

which greatly interested me. It is called "Doutes proposés aux philosophes économistes sur l'ordre naturel et essentiel des sociétés politiques, par M. l'Abbé de Mably. La Haye, 1768." In his opening remarks the abbé shows himself to be the precursor of the existing collectivists. The physiocrats show the necessity of three kinds of property—"personal" property, by which they mean individual freedom; movable property, as a stimulant to daily toil; and landed property, as indispensable to the cultivation of the ground. Mably admits the two first, but denies the need of individual owners of the ground to ensure its thorough cultivation. He instances Sparta and the convents of Paraguay, and recommends collective ownership of the ground. This part is weak. He re-constitutes a Platonic Utopia, and does not make sufficient allowance for the motives which regulate the actions of mankind. But he seems to me to reason justly when he refutes the theory of the "necessary laws" of economists, which is formulated as follows—

"Natural order, of which social order forms a

part, is not, and never can be, anything but physical order. If any one finds it difficult to recognize the natural and essential order of society as a branch of physical order, I look upon him as voluntarily blind. We find in ourselves two motives which are the main springs of all our movements—one is love of pleasure, the other aversion to pain."

Mably gives the same answer as would be returned by the economical ethical school to-day. He employs the language of the physiocrats against themselves. They admit "social affections, such as compassion, pity, friendship, benevolence, emulation, and love of glory. We obey these social affections when we seem to give them up and to live only in others, to enjoy only their enjoyments, and to know no pleasure until it has passed through them to us. We obey them still when we rise to contempt for wealth and life, and when we prefer physical suffering and death itself to dishonour, or any other evil arising from our relations with society."

Further on Mably adds—

"They tell me that society is formed of a number

of physical causes; but why should the moral causes be silently passed over, when they unite men so strongly? Society is composed of physical beings, but these physical beings have moral qualities. They act and are sustained by physical means, but they also act and are sustained by moral means. I have thoroughly studied man, and I see the mixture of the physical and the moral everywhere."

The ethical side of political economy is here clearly shown. Society, men and their actions, exist in the bosom of nature; therefore, in a certain sense, all must obey natural laws. It is, however, equally plain that political and civil laws, which are established by the will of man, are of a different order from physical laws, in which man can make no change. These are necessary; the others belong to the domain of what we call freedom.

I see in a paper an announcement which shows the difference in the manner of life in Italy and with us. At La Spezzia professorships of the College are thrown open to competition by the Municipality. I

copy the announcement which shows the salary belonging to each place—

Professor of Italian Literature	2,400 lire
Professor of Greek and Latin	2,400 „
Professor of Philosophy	1,920 „
Professor of History and Geography for the College and Technical Institute, President of the two Institutes	2,000 „

La Spezzia is not a small, cheap village, but a military port, and they offer only 1,920 francs for a Professor of Philosophy. These professors must be learned, for they are only elected after an examination of their certificates, proofs of what they have done, and scientific diplomas. In Belgium the salaries are at least double, and living is not much dearer. How can these professors live, if they have a family? A mechanic earns much more. The mystery is explained thus: the mode of life is more simple; incidental expenses are suppressed, or greatly reduced; amusements are cheap. The theatre costs almost nothing; a glass of water is enough at the *café*. Nature is kind to man, who needs neither fire nor carpets; wants are less

exacting. The ancient philosophers in Greece and Italy also lived on very little. It is good for reflection and philosophy to be saved from numerous and needless wants.

The use of sun-dials is very general in Italy. They are fixed to the walls of churches, public buildings, villas, and even farms. They are poetic, and remind one of the movements of the heavenly bodies, as well as of the first astronomical observations made by mankind. In Flanders the carillon accompanies the striking of the clock with its familiar airs. The carillon of Bruges is celebrated by Longfellow in a pretty poem, worth re-reading. The inscriptions on sun-dials often have a profound and melancholy significance. Here are two examples—

Labuntur et Imputantur.

("You must give account of the passing hours.")

It is life which is slipping away. What use have you made of it? Persius says, *Effluis amens*, "Madman, thou art passing."

The second I read near Crespano. I have also

seen it in Zealand, I think, on the tower of the town-hall of Middlebourg.

Vulnerant omnes, ultima necat.

("They all wound us; the last kills us.")

The art of former days spoke to us of our destiny, of our griefs, our hopes, our joys. It used symbol; but did not disdain inscription which was also an ornament. They were put on the large chimney-pieces, in the windows, upon the beams, upon panels carved in the cornice—everywhere to catch the eye. The houses of the Bernese Oberland, and still more those of the Germans in Transylvania, are covered with inscriptions which remind man of his duty and the solemnity of life. Thus the churches, public buildings, and private houses teach morality and religion. This is the supreme aim of art. Without it art has no reason for existing. To improve the whole man—body, soul, and spirit—ought to be the supreme aim of our efforts of all kind. Art for art's sake is a theory of decadence; a manly nation will never understand it. It is simply a variety of

gastronomy, or, if you like it better, of gastrosophy.

The benevolence of Italy is little known in foreign lands. In Belgium, thanks to the legacy of Viscount Grimberghe, we are going to have a seaside sanitorium for weakly and scrofulous children; and where Mdlle. Montetiore, who seeks to help the poorer classes, is about to establish one not far from Liège, on the first slopes of the Tchistous region. Italy already possesses twenty-one of these seaside hospitals, many more than any other large country. There is one at Lido, there are thirteen on the Mediterranean, and eight on the Adriatic.

Joseph Barellai was the originator of these establishments. He spoke highly of them in 1853 to the Medical Society of Florence. Dr. Martin has described them, and marked their situation upon a map.

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V.

Crespano-Veneto.

I FIND it is only superior labourers who earn 1 franc 25 centimes in this neighbourhood. The usual pay is one franc, and in many villages those who are employed all the year, earn only 90 centimes. I compared the statistics which I obtained here with those of the Deputy Emilio Morpurgo, in the "Inchiesta Agraria." It is a large work in two volumes—the first is called "Le condizioni dei Contadini nel Veneto;" the second, "Le condizioni della proprieta rurale e della economia rurale nel Veneto."

I also consulted another series of monographs about the same region, which formed part of the

agrarian inquiry by M. Giovanni Carraro, Luigi Alpago-Novello, Luigi Trevisi, Antonio Zava, and Carlo Bisinotto. These are remarkable works; nothing so complete as this Inchiesta has ever been attempted before. M. Morpurgo, who is a distinguished economist and an able writer, has collected numberless witnesses, whose evidence he relates. The only complaint to be made against him is that he has not subjected all these testimonies to his personal criticism. One receives at first a somewhat confused impression in consequence of the many contradictory statements. It is true that the reader, who knows from whence the testimony comes, can to a certain extent control it, and can accept a fact as proved only when all the witnesses are agreed. The opinion is unanimous that the state of the agricultural labourer is most wretched.

M. Morpurgo (vol. i. p. 38) regrets the disappearance from the country of the patriarchial families, who used to live in the same house with their married sons and grandchildren, as in the South Slavonic

Hauscommunionem. There is reason for regret; they cultivated the ground well, and were comfortable in their ways. The causes of their dying out were first extreme poverty, which led to quarrels, and then the new wants and the love of independence, which are increasing everywhere.

However, in spite of this embarrassment, which is common in the mountains of Venetia around Asolo and Crespano, the property remains divided amongst many. Theft is very rare, and illegitimacy is almost unknown. In the plain, where all the property is concentrated in latifundia, robbery is, on the contrary, very frequent, and every one has to complain about it. M. Morpurgo says that everywhere, except where there are many small proprietors, the feeling of hatred to inequality continues to increase.

It is a serious question whether the state of the peasantry has improved during the last twenty or thirty years. M. Morpurgo sums up an immense amount of evidence in the following terms: "The lamentations which come from almost all the districts are so distressing that we are compelled to

come to this conclusion—that the condition of the country people has grown worse. Neither the different degrees of fertility in the soil, nor the advantages of small farms, nor the community of interest established between landlord and tenant by the Mezzadria,[1] nor the progressive improvement of means of communication, nor the efforts of some landowners to counteract the evil, not all these means combined avail to stop the decadence which it is agreed is there.

The cost of commodities has much increased, and the taxes even more; wages are small, and work scarce — therefore, want and misery are widely spread. We will quote some of the testimony collected by M. Morpurgo (vol. i. p. 15). "Poor people," writes a witness from Ravignano di Latisana, "they are only too happy if they can escape hunger and the pellagra." From Camino, "The peasants are sunk in an abyss of misery. Without municipal charity they would die of hunger." "The

[1] The system of the tenant giving the half of the produce as rent for the land.

Syndic of Lamon is asking if the hopeless peasantry will not soon cease from their labours, leaving the ground barren and uncultivated" (p. 19). From Asiago, in the province of Vicenza: "The labourers receive only 50 centimes, and sometimes nothing but food. There are crowds of poor—'Si veggono i poveri a torme'" (p. 24). Province of Verona: "The condition of the labourers is most sorrowful at Rovereto di Guâ, very unhappy at Pressana; wrong-doing resulting from extreme poverty at Somma-Campagna, ignorance and poverty at Pescantina, misery at Peschiera," and so on (p. 28). From the province of Rovigo: "To sum up, the economic conditions are deplorable, and the morality is low" (p. 29). The pretor of Serravalle writes, "Socialist ideas are spreading." At Oderzo, the cultivators say, "The owner is an enemy" (p. 49). "Inequality provokes more and more hatred in the country" (p. 51). "At Citadella the country people leave the ground, for which they can no longer pay the rent" (p. 69). "Where the soil is not fertile the food of the working classes inspires the deepest pity" (Senator

Jacini, p. 14). Mirano: "The condition of the country people deserves pity" (Count de Götzen, p. 159). "In Lombardy and Venetia the race, formerly so beautiful, is weakened for want of sufficient food." "The rural population are compelled to satisfy their chronic hunger with exclusively vegetable food of the vilest quality" (vol. i. p. 165).

I stop at these two utterances, which make one shudder — "chronic hunger" and "degeneracy of race." M. Morpurgo is accused of having drawn too dark a picture, but it is impossible to doubt or contradict the numerous witnesses of the highest authority—syndics, magistrates, doctors, school inspectors, &c. However, M. Morpurgo raises one objection: "If poverty had increased there would be a smaller consumption of salt and tobacco, whilst the demand for these articles is well kept up, or increased." It may be answered that the consumption of salt is already so small that it cannot well be less, whilst tobacco, like alcohol, is a factitious requirement, which is sometimes more needed in destitution.

M. Morpurgo cannot conceal that the general discontent and complaints give rise to a dangerous hostility between the working classes and those who are in comfort, as well as the representatives of authority. It is a situation, which, without adding any darker colouring, reminds us of the state of things in Andalusia, when the communistic association of the Mano Negra sprang up.

M. Morpurgo admits that the chief cause of this deplorable situation is to be found in the enormous taxes; taxes for the communes, the provinces, and the State, are added to a rent which is already too high. On the one side, the tax lessens the resources of the country people, and consequently reduces their power to employ and pay labourers; on the other side, it brings the commodities to the town, and so increases their price, which is a double cause of pauperization.

How can statesmen persist in their "great policy" which ruins the country? It is a strange thing that all parties should agree to force the State into large armaments and expenses. Is it not terrible that even in the province of Belluna, where each

family owns a house with some meadows and some arable land, the poverty is so great that these honest mountaineers leave their beautiful country and emigrate? What a contrast to the condition of those who live in similar regions in Switzerland! This comparison may give rise to blind hostility to established institutions. The people will be led to say, "If we lived under a Republic, like our neighbours of the Tessin, we should pay fewer taxes and be happier."

From Crespano-Veneto to Bologna,

September 2nd.

Minghetti has asked me to visit him at Bologna; I have only one free day for doing so before joining our conference at Turin. I must also visit Sella and the industrial exhibition at Biella. This will compel me to pass two nights in the train; but what does that matter? One would willingly endure still greater fatigue to enjoy the conversation of a man like Minghetti.

Between Bassano and Padua the country is highly

cultivated. The vines, hanging in garlands from the young elm-trees, and growing in the fields, are covered with grapes nearly ripe. The crop will be abundant. The wheat is cut, but the autumn sun is still colouring the late maize, and a large kind of millet, which is, I think, the sorgho, and which I have seen twice as large on the banks of the Nile. The canals are edged with Canadian poplars, which taper like Italian poplars.

Citadella may be seen at the junction of the line for Vicenza-Trevisa with that of Bassano-Padua. It is well named, for it is entirely surrounded by battlemented walls with strong towers, which have a stern appearance.

I am astonished to see several country houses in the midst of what we call an English garden, with lawns and clumps of trees. Many epiceas have been planted, which grow even more vigorously than on their native Alps. How different is this from the ancient Italian villa, isolated in the midst of fields or vineyards, and with statues or pillars instead of trees! If in the south of Italy they would imitate

the north, and create masses of verdure and plant trees near the houses and by the roads, how much it would change the aspect of the country! Then the proprietors would be willing to live there; it would be an economic and social revolution.

If you like inscriptions here are some. They were copied last year near Santa Maria, in the Grisons, and descending Val-Bregaglia.

On an old house belonging to Santa Maria the arms of the three Leagues are engraved: one bears a cross, another a wild goat, the third a man on horse-back; below is a name, Peter and Pingera; above the following verse in Romaunch:

"Quaist ais ilg wapen dals Grisuns.
Las fortezas sum als munts.
Dieu haduvra bunta
A conservar lor liberta."

("These are the arms of the Grisons,
On the mountains their strongholds lie;
God will have the graciousness
To preserve their liberty.")

Is not that the language of the famous oath of Charles the Bald in 842?

There is also a Romaunch inscription on the gable of the church of Sierfs, a small village before you reach Santa Maria, by the Buffalora Pass:

"Aqui sais peregrin,
Nun s'ha löng da restar.
Ma dal cel citadin,
Cur chia Dieu vengans clamar,
Perche mundauna cita
Ais solum vanita.
Ma in cel nobla havadanza
Ais in æternita."

("Thou art a pilgrim here below,
And shalt not long remain,
Of heaven thou art a citizen
When God shall call thee there.
For the city of this world
Is only vanity;
But thy noble home in heaven
Is for eternity.")

Here is another in Italian, copied at Vico-Soprano, at the descent of the Maloja, going from the Engadine to Lake Como:

"Lascia che pensa ai casi suoi ciascuno,
Sagace scultro, e chiuso il cuor conserva.
Non scriver; parla poco; il lutto ŏbserva.
Credi in Dio solo; ne te fidar a alcuno.
E chi non fa cose non puo viver al tempo d'oggidi."

Agostino Vassalli, 1769.

("Let each man mind his own affairs, and then,
Prudent observer, keep thy heart close sealed.
Write not; speak little; mourn thy woes unhealed.
Believe in God alone, but trust not men.
In these days, he who works not, shall not eat.")

This Vassalli was a sage after the fashion of the writer of Ecclesiastes, without delusions, loving money, respecting decorum, and fearing both God and man. "Write nothing, and speak little," is superb. It reminds me of the advice I received on first coming to the University from one of my colleagues, who is now dead.

"Do you write in the papers or the reviews?"

"No, colleague."

"I am very glad of it; never write, it will only provoke enmity or jealousy."

I dared not own it was already too late to take his judicious advice, and the fault still remains uncorrected, as the kind reader may easily perceive.

The train stopped for an hour at Padua, and I made use of the time to take a quick walk through the town. At the entrance, the turbulent waters of the Bacchiglione turn a large and picturesque

mill wheel. On the right hand of the principal street stands a mediæval tower, angry and formidable. It bears in enormous letters the following inscription:

Mesto avanzo di nefanda tirranide.

Ezzelino eresse.

1250.

This was the method employed by the stonemason to excite feelings of hatred of tyrants and love of liberty.

The Piazza dei Signori and the Piazza delle Erbe with the Palais della Ragione, form a fine whole. By the Monte di Pieta, a beautiful Renaissance building, a primary school has been built; it is large and in good style, brick, with marble facings, and does not disfigure the beautiful buildings which surround it. Beneath the Loggia, which is pure Renaissance, and of exquisite distinction, is placed a dreadful statue of Victor Emanuel; it looks like the bully of the fair.

The Lion of St. Mark, at the top of the column, and the white marble pillar which upholds the flag-staff, recall by their graceful outlines and fine

sculptures, the place and the piazzetta at Venice. Those are charming devices for ornamenting a public square. How is it that they have never been imitated north of the Alps? It is true that these things are more interesting in the places where they originated, and where history introduces and explains them. This corner of Padua reminds me of the principal square of Capo d'Istria, which is still overlooked by the Lion of St. Mark.

The statues of Giotto and Dante are placed here. In the square of the Church of Santa Maria degli Carmini is a statue of Boccaccio. In lack of other religion, Italy has at least retained the worship of great men. Opposite the famous Café Pedrocchi men are at work enlarging the University, which there is much need for. The façades of the principal churches are not finished; they are left like brick walls waiting for the coating of marble which is their due. It is so with the Cathedral of Bologna, with that of Florence, which is now being completed, and with many other buildings in Italy. Why? Was faith suddenly frozen towards the close of the Middle

Ages? Did the power of the clergy to obtain money from the dying and celibates disappear under the breath of the pagan incredulity of the Renäissance? Or was the country ruined by foreign invasion? Doubtless all these causes worked together for the same result.

There are some very beautiful ancient palaces in the Strada Maggiore; one is occupied by the Banca mutua popolare. At the entrance to the town is a palace of colossal proportions, which belonged to the family Maldura, who, they tell me, have all died out. This saddens me, for my friends Portaels and Reintjens have often spoken to me of the charming Countess Maldura, with whom they travelled in Palestina. She is dead, and soon even her memory will have faded. As Marot said:

"Où est Flora, la belle Romaine?
Où sont les neiges d'antan?"

("Where is Flora, the beautiful Roman?
Where is last winter's snow?")

The losses brought by time are ordinary and inevitable; yet melancholy seizes us, and if we hold a

pen we cannot refrain from saying that these gloomy thoughts sadden us, as we think on the dead whom we grieve for, and the mourning that we foresee. Upon my table I see a fossilized echinus of the chalk period, which serves for a paper-weight, and I say to myself: "What are our days, or those of all humanity, from its earliest origin, when compared with the innumerable centuries which separate us from the time when this fossil lived? And these innumerable centuries are only as a minute compared with the unfathomable distance of the epoch when our world was formed, and even that is nothing compared with the eternity which will follow it." This reflection is overwhelming, and leads to resignation. Thus the sight of my paper-weight produces the same effect upon me as a page of Pascal or Marcus Aurelius.

On my way back to the station, I notice on the right hand going out of the town some nursery gardens, with fruit-trees, ornamental shrubs, and all kinds of flowers. This is a proof that the residents in the neighbourhood, who are increasing in number,

wish to improve their gardens. The residence of the owner upon his land is as favourable for agriculture as his absence is depressing.

We crossed the Po at Ponte-Lagoscuro, when darkness had come on; yet we could see the swollen waters of the great river rising above the low land, which was protected only by high embankments. One might believe one's self to be in Holland.

At Ferrara there were many factory chimneys in the suburbs. I stayed at Ferrara on my return from Egypt, after the opening of the Suez Canal, in 1870. It was then also evening when I arrived. It was a sharp frost, every one was in his house, and the full moon threw deep shadows upon the vividly-lighted and quite deserted streets. I walked about until midnight, going through the whole town. The monuments had a fantastic look. The old feudal castle of the dukes, haunted with memories of Lucrezia Borgia, Tasso, and Parisina Malatesta, sung by Byron, threw its lonely silhouette upon the clear sky. Upon the beautiful Lombard façade of

the cathedral, all the details of the sculptures were as clearly seen as in full daylight; the Byzantine lions which guarded the porch had a strange resemblance to the Apocalyptic beasts. But it was the Palazzo Diamanti which made the most ineffaceable impression upon me. This building, more than the famous palace of Schifanoia, gives an idea of the power of Italian genius towards the close of the Middle Ages. It is more powerful even than the Porta Nigra of Trèves, which is itself so essentially "Roman." The dressing consists of marble blocks, of Cyclopean proportions, larger even than those of the sub-basement of the Pitti Palace in Florence. These colossal stones are wrought into spiked heads. The higher facets, lighted by the moon, the lower left in deep shadow, increase the strong relief of these supports, and give the impression of a stability which has defied the attacks alike of men and time. Like the Pyramids, it seems made for eternity. Insolent pride of the master who ordered it, prodigious hardihood of the architect who conceived it! There is nothing like this north of the Alps. This immense

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palace was built between 1493 and 1567. The museum is placed there now.

From Ferrara to Bologna I was alone in the compartment with an old man, who was returning from the Baths of Recoara, which are situated in the mountains to the north of Vicenza. A steam tram-car goes to the foot of the heights, which, he said, are very picturesque, and covered with fine woods of fir and chestnut. The place was crowded; it is so everywhere now. People congregate in constantly increasing numbers in the mountains or by the sea, in summer, and on the coasts of the Mediterranean, in winter. Home is deserted, families become nomadic; they seek, at any cost, the easy pleasures which are enjoyed in these communities of unoccupied persons; they secure also a milder climate by fleeing from the extremes of heat and cold.

On the continent numbers of country houses are also deserted; it is expensive to keep them up, and a solitary residence begets the *ennui* which arises from sameness. In Belgium this kind of property has lost more than half its value; there is no longer any

one who will rent them. In Holland, in the last century, a special kind of poetry, the *Arcadias*, sang the delights of country life. To-day, in the same country, many of these dwellings, which were the delights of their fathers, are turned into farms by the sons, or even pulled down, to save the expense of keeping them up. Severance from the soil, pursuit of frivolous distractions, abandonment of concentrated life, all result from the facilities for travelling and the mobilization of fortunes. Is this well? Add to it bad novels, cafés, and inferior newspapers, and life is seen to be composed of a series of small sensations, wholly on the surface, which follow one another rapidly and destroy all deep and connected reflection.

Bologna. Villa Mezzarata.

It was midnight when I arrived at Bologna. Minghetti's old servant, who had often seen me in Rome, recognized me and put me in a carriage; but at the foot of the hill Mezzarata, on which stands the Villa Minghetti, he placed me in a light trap

drawn by two asses. The ascent is too steep, the paving-stones too slippery for horses. I am delighted to see this eminent statesman again; he is always young and active, with his clear, red complexion beneath his white hair. He had just spent several days with the Prince Imperial of Germany, upon the borders of Lake Como. He spoke with admiration of the humane sentiments of the Prince, and of the noble, independent, and wonderfully cultivated mind of the Princess. "Such a sovereign," he said, "having by his side a companion so fully acquainted with modern ideas, will be a blessing to Germany, and consequently to the whole of Europe."

To my great regret Madame Minghetti had not returned from the "cure" she was undergoing in Switzerland. She is much missed in this charming dwelling, where everything recalls her. But it is one in the morning, and time to retire.

My room is furnished with exquisite taste: hangings of Chinese silk of shaded green, with bamboo frames and Japanese mats. The door of my dressing-room opens into another series of rooms. I go there

to see how far my domain extends. I thus reach an enormous room, so high and vast that my candle cannot illumine its depths, which are lost in shadow. Where am I? It is not the former refectory of the convent, now transformed into a drawing-room, with charming cretonne flowers on a cream-coloured ground. It is quite dark here. When my eyes become accustomed to the obscurity, I perceive some fragments of frescoes upon the walls, then some altars with old pictures, church furniture whose faded gilding still catch some reflections of light upon their edges and embossments. The feeble light of the stars marks the outlines of a rose window, and a Gothic one in black. I am in the former chapel of the convent, which has its history as I learn the next day. It was painted by two successive generations of Giotto's scholars. By removing the *badigeon*, several well-preserved pieces in the most beautiful archaic style have been brought to light; but as it has been used, first as a stable, and then as a barn, more than half of these precious paintings have been destroyed.

It is impossible to make a step in this wonderful country without finding interesting monuments, and remains of the art of different periods. Madame Minghetti has collected this ancient furniture, carvings in wood, and church articles of various kinds, in order to make the chapel into a museum where her husband might work in comfort, separated from the smallnesses of daily life by this atmosphere of the olden time, and thus be transported by the magic of art to the heroic period of the great Italian communes.

A splendid morning. The large drawing-room is terminated by a glass loggia, from whence one looks down on Bologna with its leaning towers and numerous churches. After breakfast, we walked in the garden, which is situated upon the steep slope of the hill of Mezzarata. It is planted with evergreens, pines, laurels, and deodoras, green and healthy, whose branches fall over one another like the drops of water from the fountains in the square of St. Peter's in Rome. We spoke of the financial position of Italy, and of the abolition of the

inconvertible bank-notes. Minghetti pays a hearty tribute of thanks to Magliani, the Minister of Finance; only he fears lest the speculators in precious metals should drain Italy of her gold to replace it by silver.

"There is no fear of that," I said, "whilst the coinage of silver is suspended. An écu of five francs in silver has the same value in Paris as a gold five-franc piece. The speculator would then have to buy the silver with gold, value for value, and he would lose exactly the cost of the transport from Paris to Rome or Turin, and the return carriage of the gold. It would be different if these écus could be coined from the silver which is now depreciated; the depreciated silver could be coined *ad libitum*.

"The inconvenience from which Italy is suffering is one that threatens the whole of Europe; it is the struggle for gold. If gold continues to grow scarce and to go to America, the countries of Europe will soon have to contend with each other for its possession, by reciprocally raising their rates of discount, and this will produce a fall of prices, which will be first intermittent, and then permanent. Here is

the monetary question in two words, 'in a nutshell' as the English say. Exchange may be effected as well, if not better, with little money as with much. The employment of one metal only as a circulating medium also seems more simple. But the simultaneous use of gold and silver gives a more stable basis to value, which is most essential, as compensated pendulums, composed of two metals, are less subject to variations. Besides this, there is the practical side of the problem; by prohibiting the use of silver, you diminish half the means of sale, and you thus bring in time a great lowering of all values. This would crush all long-standing debtors, the proprietors burdened with mortgages, and especially the nations, who owe together more than one thousand millions of francs. You would thus add a new cause of discontent and suffering to all those which are already giving rise everywhere to a disquieting ferment of revolution and 'Nihilism.' This is especially serious for Italy, whose inhabitants are more burdened than others with rent and taxes. The monetary position of Europe is serious. Look

at our Mints, they have nothing to do anywhere, except in Italy; thanks to your recent loan. America and Australia keep their gold. If Russia did so to the same extent, whence would Western Europe obtain enough gold to keep up the metallic currency, which is every year lessened by 250 to 300 millions of francs worth used in manufacture. Gold is at a premium. It is, therefore, a loss to coin it. If that continues, a notable fall of prices will follow. You have, doubtless, read the works of Goschen, Giffen, and Gibbs on this subject; they show that there is already a fall of disquieting proportions. It is proved by the failures on all sides, which are not the consequence of hazardous speculations, but which come from the slow and continuous depreciation of all kinds of merchandise and stocks. I do not hesitate to say that those who advocate gold monometallism are, whether they know it or not, the enemies of the people."

Minghetti is rather uneasy as to the result of the elections which are about to take place under the new franchise, which qualifies as voters all who

can prove two years' attendance in the primary school, and make a written application for the purpose before a lawyer. "That," he says, "will certainly reinforce the Radical Left, and as we have in the Italian Chambers no true Tory Right, all those who wish for the preservation of existing institutions will be compelled to unite, or they will be swept away by the tide of Republicanism or Socialism."

In connection with his book, "I partiti politici," we spoke much about the crisis through which parliamentary rule is passing at this moment. Minghetti recollected that Prince Albert often said, towards the close of his life, "Now the parliamentary system is on its trial," and the actual facts prove that he was right. "Look at home and abroad—in Spain, Greece, France, Holland, and even in England —every one is complaining that this much desired system has not produced the expected results. The instability of ministries and personal rivalries among ministers, make our politicians reckless of consequences and lead to political stagnation. It is only with you in Belgium, that this system at all attains its aim."

"That is true," I answered, "and it is so because we have in Belgium two very distinct parties, each of which is well disciplined, and able to enforce obedience from all its adherents. The minister in power therefore possesses great authority; he has been spoken of in terms of reproach as despotic. This accusation is unmerited, for it is only under these conditions that parliamentary business can be regularly proceeded with. In my opinion, the real harm of this discipline is that it lessens individual originality, the openings for any new thing and breadth of view. Public life is entirely taken up by the struggle between the Liberals and Clericals, and finally by the means of gaining and keeping a majority in the Chamber, that is to say, the operations that must be undertaken in order to triumph in the elections. I am not disposed to underrate the importance of the political struggle in which we are engaged. It is the great combat, which dates from the Middle Ages, between the temporal and spiritual, between the Empire and the Papacy. This strife, far from being healed, is spreading, and becomes

more eager each day in Catholic countries; with you in Italy it is only commencing. It is a pity that in Belgium it completely absorbs all the living force of the nation, and thus hinders the practical consideration of other problems."

"Do not complain;" said Minghetti, "you are amongst the most happy. In this world all is a mixture of good and evil. Parties are necessary in a constitutional State. All the masters of political science—Burke, Tocqueville, Bluntschli, Balbo—have said so. But, on the other hand, party interference in the administration warps all its wheels. What will not a minister do to gain a seat for his party? What cannot a deputy gain who threatens to secede? The use of public money, distribution of offices, direction of railways and public works, and what is even more deplorable, justice itself, are all under the influence of party men and party spirit. Because I had stated this evident fact—that may be seen in all constitutional countries — it was proposed in the Chamber to accuse me of lack of respect for the dignity of Parliament. It was

useless for me to quote your 'Lettres d'Italie,' where you give an account of what you have heard from people of all ranks throughout the Peninsula. I was a caluminator of my country; I merited severe blame, if not the lash. I pleaded 'not guilty' and the Chamber proceeded to its daily work.

"Another evil is this; the difficulties and complications of the Government will constantly increase, both as regards home and foreign affairs. It needs, therefore, specially capable men for the various ministries, whilst on account of the necessity of bestowing them upon the representatives of different classes and of different parts of the country, it is impossible to choose those who are rendered specially suitable by their studies, aptitudes, or previous career. The Constitution of the American States, apparently so democratic, gives in reality more power to the Executive, and greater chances of obtaining capable ministers, who keep office for four years at least."

"The conclusion of all that," I said, "is, that in the States under parliamentary rule, it is necessary

to reduce the prerogatives of the central authority, and, above all, to avoid mingling in foreign politics. Permit me upon this point to address to you the same observations which I have made to Luzzatti. You also desire that Italy shall mix in European concerns; that she shall take her part in diplomatic combinations and alliances. But do you not see that all that is in opposition to your opinion of the detestable way in which the constitutional mechanism works? How is it possible that ministers, chosen almost at hazard, placed in office by one coterie or another, gaining power for which they have had no preparation, can hold their own against the permanent ministers of autocratic States? All the chances are against them. They do not know the cards of the European game. Do you hold up England as an opposite instance? You know even better than I, how very different the situation is there; for up to the present time, the Government has been, as it was formerly in Venice, in the hands of an enlightened aristocracy, prepared by travel and study for the management of foreign affairs. But

wait and see what will be the result of the democratic change in England. There is only one thing for modern democracies to do; they must follow the example of the United States, which care only for their home affairs. That is already more than enough. Even men of little ability may suffice in this sphere, and their faults will not imperil the State."

"No," answered Minghetti, "a great country cannot concentrate its attention exclusively upon itself. There must be some great perspective to satisfy the needful expansion of youth, or the nation will become soured, and will turn to corruption and discontent. Courtney, a distinguished member of the English Parliament, said lately that the Egyptians must be left 'to stew in their own juice.' Such a future for my country would not please me. The gravy would perhaps taste burnt."

"But," I answered, "there are two fine careers open to the youth of Italy, of which one is in economic order the complement of the other. To cultivate and beautify the parts of the Peninsula

where capital is lacking: roads and dwellings, parks and woods, and to improve the condition of the masses. The only reason for which I can conceive that a democratic State should engage in foreign politics, is when it is necessary to occupy or satisfy an army unfortunately large, which holds the fate of the country in its hands. Gambetta seems to me to have understood that this is the danger which threatens the Republic in France, and therefore he always sought to conciliate the army. But this leads to a vicious circle, which is perilous and open to dangerous risks."

"I do not think," said Minghetti, "that the era of *pronunciamentos* has yet come for Italy any more than that for *Coups d'Etat.* I have received several letters from Italian deputies and senators, in which they have expressed apprehensions as to the distant results of the new electoral reform. I published one of these with the consent of the writer, Dr. Pantaleoni, Senatore del Regno. I have before spoken of this eminent physician, who is a deep thinker, a learned scholar, a charming talker, and a

devoted friend. He has since published the first part of a history of ancient Rome, where its origin and its early ages are shown in a new light. This important work is the fruit of a whole life of labour, research, and thought. Here is a letter from Senator Pantaleoni, which does not concern Italy alone, but which treats the whole problem of modern democracy with a bold hand, armed with a pitiless knife.

"I have just read your article upon parliamentary rule in the *Revue des deux Mondes.* You make there some very well-founded remarks; but some of your ideas have impelled me to take pen in hand to answer them in our review the *Antologia.* In default of an article, I addressed a question in our Senate to M. Depretis, our Prime Minister, to show that the parliamentary system with universal suffrage, or with the ballot too largely open to the masses, is loss of liberty, order, and true civilization.

"Yes, modern society is approaching democratic institutions, in the sense that all class privilege has become impossible; that the first duty of the government is to take care of the interests of all, especially

of the poorest; that the way is open by which all who are capable may rise in life. You have shown with perfect clearness the irresistible forces which are working in modern society in the direction of equality. But there are other facts, neither less general nor less powerful, that will lead societies in a direction at the end of which I see, not the domination of the masses, but selection, in the deepest meaning of the word; that is, the true aristocracy, understood as the Greeks understood it. I mean to say the pre-eminence of the 'best.'

"There has never been greater need than there is at present for eminent men to govern the States, in the midst of the dangers of all sorts which beset them. You have described the difficulties which result from the multiplicity of the nation's affairs in our centralized governments. But that is only one side. To that must be added the incessant complications which attend the relations of great countries towards each other, in consequence of frequent and easy communications, which is perhaps preparing for the future unity of mankind, but which may, in the

meantime, become a cause of conflict. Everything is in movement and transformation. Science overturns or rebuilds the whole edifice of truth, erected by past ages; free examination throws doubt upon everything. Each man wishes for change, improvement, progress; the idea that it is possible to stop raises protestations and anger. It is evident, therefore, that to direct the public business of our time, requires more knowledge and talent than ever before. It is not enough for the statesman himself to see clearly the right way to cross this stormy and dangerous ocean, he must also have enough will, authority, and ability, to enable him to impose his own views upon his friends and upon Parliament, which is always ready to criticise and upset him. Do you know many men in whom is found the stuff to make a great, or even only a good minister? And the democrats imagine that by applying their level of equality, they will raise capable rulers from the ranks of the people, or by the chances of the ballot. What a mistake! The picked and finest specimens of humanity, chosen

with the greatest care, will hardly be able to save us from mistakes and disasters.

"Yes, everything must be done for the greatest number, but by the small number. Do not talk to me of that dangerous folly, universal suffrage!

"How is it possible that enlightened people, who believe themselves sensible, can be willing to hand over the direction of the delicate and complicated machinery of the government of a modern State to the decisions of the mob, that is, to the errors of short-sighted and ignorant men? In a choice between two absurdities, I had rather believe in the infallibility of the Pope than in that of the people. The partizans of the new dogma do not appeal to reason, they believe in the supernatural; but the partizans of the sovereignity of the masses cannot appeal to mystery. They assert the existence of a sense which is neither visible nor palpable. At this time, when half the people can neither read nor write, when certainly more than three-quarters never do read, is it possible that they can pronounce a wise judgment upon the grave problems which have to be determined by legislation?

"The two great factors in human progress are, the accumulation of capital and the accumulation of knowledge. How is it possible, then, that the partizans of progress should wish to commit the direction of our civilization to those who have neither capital nor science? It is certain that a number of individuals, each owning a little, may by combining provide a large capital. But from millions of narrow-minded, ignorant, superstitious electors you will never produce the equivalent of only one choice mind.

"Our age, which professes the worship of science, everywhere hands over power to the classes which are at the antipodes of science and knowledge. What a strange contradiction!

"Suppose, on the one hand, the masses were addressed by a superior and truly learned man, who appreciated the difficulties included in political and social questions and stated them clearly; and, on the other hand, by an orator of low estate, who was ignorant of the first principles of those questions, but who flattered the instincts and appetites of the crowd,

which of the two would be listened to and elected? . . . Thus in proportion as government becomes a more difficult art, you trust it to people who are more and more unintellectual and incapable. Is not this to prepare your own downfall?

"When I see our statesmen becoming apostles of universal suffrage, and throwing the treasures of civilization, which the best men of our kind have accumulated through long centuries of toil, as pabulum to this flock of bipeds, who are still immersed in the darkness of the unconscious stone of the miocene period, and certainly in no state to discern even what is for their true interest, I am astonished at the extremes of blindness shown by men who are in some respects most enlightened. I can only ascribe it the influence of an epidemic peculiar to our time, the *morbus democraticus*.

"How can we escape from this dreary path which leads to calamity and decadence? I admit that democracy obtrudes itself; but the government of the democracy ought to be entrusted to the intellectual aristocracy. It has been truly said in France: 'All for the people, nothing from the people.' Cicero said the same: 'Tenuit igitur hoc, . . . ut in populo libero pauca per populum, pleraque senatus auctoritate . . . gererentur.'

"In conclusion, I see only one way of saving modern democracies, that is, to endow with predominant power a Senate which should include representative men belonging to all the great social forces, agriculture, trade, commerce, and especially science, in all its branches. I have said that progress results from the accumulation of capital and of knowledge. The supreme control ought to return to them. It was the Roman Senate which procured for the Italian Republic three and a half centuries of incomparable greatness. It was to her Senate that Venice owed her wealth and power, and even her long existence amongst the numerous enemies by whom she was surrounded. It is the English aristocracy who have raised their country to that height of power and prosperity from which she seems to-day likely to fall. Below the Senate, which represents all that is best and most special, there must be another

chamber which represents the people, and which will convey to the government the roarings of the beast, that is, the expression of the requirements of the lower classes. There need be no other privilege of rank or person. The Senate should be freely open to those who are most worthy of a seat therein. You see I apply to the government of society the principle of selection which has brought about the progress of the species.

"Universal suffrage and the reign of the multitude lead, with fatal certainty, to a situation where the safety of society can be ensured only by Cæsarism, or by the army. Reason is the true ruler; I desire that it shall be concentrated in the Senate, which shall have the decision about everything. If it is not reason which governs, it will be force, which is the only remedy for madness and furious folly. I see glimmering everywhere in the horizon a very large sword, whose shadow is already upon us.

"The parliamentary system, founded upon the opposition of two parties, who keep one another in check and successively attain power, as you have it in

Belgium, is a dream of the Anglomaniacs, arising from the special circumstances that are to be found in England. It is a temporary expedient, not a solution. Allow me to say that when I read your theory in your article I could not restrain a smile. I am always amused with this doctrine, even when it is propounded by that talented man and incomparable friend, Cæsar Balbo. It is based on a misreading of history, and a fallacy in science; it is immoral in practice, and, in any case, impossible in our day. In this age of open inquiry and universal change, when questions have so many different aspects, you cannot hope to enrol the various opinions in two strictly disciplined armies which will fight continuously without destroying one another, like the Romans and Carthagenians at the theatre.

"Forgive me, my dear friend, if I have wounded your feelings by too eager words. I have allowed my heart to speak, touched by the sorrows and apprehensions of my patriotism. I fear that the fanaticism of some sectarians and the weakness of some men who are patriotic and wise, but who have

not the courage to resist, will prepare days of trial for Italy in which we must wish that those who then govern us shall have much wisdom, prudence, and stability."

This is the gist of my answer to the Italian senator: "The maxim which you trace back to Cæsar, 'Everything for the people, nothing from the people,' would be excellent if it were not too often translated in practice, 'Nothing by the people, nothing for the people.' The classes without rights have always been sacrificed. In our time the feeling of social duty that is imposed by Christianity leads the well-to-do to occupy themselves with the instruction and well-being of the masses, but it is not less certain that each defends his own interests more thoroughly than those of others. That, as you well know, is the fundamental principle of orthodox political economy.[1] It follows that universal suffrage is desirable from the time that the electors have enough intelligence to discern their own true

[1] See Appendix, "Speech in Rome on the two Schools of Political Economy."

interest and that of the State. The United States, Switzerland, and Norway, where there is absolute democracy, are, in my opinion, the countries where the people are the happiest. Certainly the parliamentary system, as it exists now, is thoroughly incapable of fulfilling suitably many of the tasks included in its duties. This is what I have tried to prove in the article which you, dear and illustrious doctor, have attacked with your sharp and brilliant scalpel. On one point we are agreed—I demand also a Senate in accordance with your ideas: read my book, 'Etudes sur les formes de Gouvernement.' But this democratic tendency, which you regard as a danger, appears to me, on the contrary, to be the aim and crown of progress. Only it is necessary to accept the consequences which result from it, and to adopt political institutions which are suitable to equality of condition; that is, it is needful to imitate Switzerland and the United States, to refrain from a great policy, to decentralize, to strengthen the commune, to make the State a union of autonomous townships, as in the Swiss and American federations;

in a word, so to reduce the offices of the central Ministry that it will no longer need great ministers, but simply ordinary citizens endowed with good sense. Guarantee also a fixed duration to the Ministry, as in the United States, and most of your objections, which are really very well grounded, will miss their mark. It is true that universal suffrage, parliamentarianism, centralization, and an imperial foreign policy lead to difficulties, if not to disasters. But a rural democracy, whose object is to administer its commercial business well, without seeking alliances, conquests, or colonies, is still, it seems to me, the least obnoxious of governments."

I admire the way in which all questions bearing upon forms of government are studied and discussed with perfect independence and great originality in Italy, as in Minghetti's book, "I partiti politici," and in discourses by the Marquis Alfieri, which I read with great interest.

VI.

Villa Mezzarata, Bologna.

After a delicious breakfast, in which I recognized the art of the cook whose talents I had appreciated in Rome, we descended the hill Mezzarata in order to visit the new Umbrian Museum, to which more specimens are constantly being added. I hoped to see again the deputy, Ferdinando Berti, who had acted as my guide when I visited the schools, but he was absent; he has since died. He was a devoted friend of workers and their associations.

Enrico Zironi, a working mason, whose acquaintance I made at a meeting of a co-operative society, kindly gave me a touching biography of him which

he had written himself, and which was published at the expense of the working people's associations. I saw that sixty of these societies sent representatives to the funeral of this good man. A tribute to his memory is signed by six members of these associations, of whom three were women—Elisa Avati, Rita Frederici, and Pia Tibaldi. This touching gratitude is honourable to Italian workmen. Elsewhere services rendered are too often despised. It is not surprising that in a town which publishes a special paper for women, *La Donna*, they should take their share in the expression of public feeling.

I find that Bologna will also have a college for political science, in imitation of the one founded in Florence by the Marquis Alfieri. It will form the complement of the University studies. Political science will be taught there, including finance, administration, public accounts, sociology, ethnography, law, in its ecclesiastical and commercial branches, economic legislation, the history of treaties, and diplomacy. Professor Mantovini Orsetti is chosen for the Principal. My friend, M. A.

Zorli, one of the most distinguished amongst the young economists of the country, writes to me that he will fill one of the chairs.

Italy will soon have four of these institutions, whilst France has only one, a very brilliant one, I admit, with M. Boutmy for Principal, and we in Belgium, *nihil*. We preferred to spend fifty millions of francs for a Palais de Justice!

M. A. Zorli, in a high-toned discourse on the social function of art, "*La Funzione siciale dell' arte*," shows the important part taken by art in Athens. In "The Frogs" Aristophanes said that the Athenians lived on three olives, a clove of garlic, and a sardine's head; but they spent more on the tragedies of Euripides than for the Persian War. King Attala offered the painter Picias 270,000 drachmas for a picture representing Ulysses calling up the Shades. Plato relates that their festivals cost the Athenians more than their fleet.

We passed by a girls' school. "Is it not strange," I said to Minghetti, "that the law in reference to primary instruction, which is the same in Italy and

Belgium, arouses with us the absolute condemnation of the clergy, indignant protestations, merciless anathemas, and even the refusal of the sacraments; whilst it works without any difficulty with you, often even in the hands of priests and nuns."

Minghetti answered: "Pascal's saying will be always true, 'Truth beyond the Pyrenees, error on this side.' Look, also, at the different way in which the confiscation of the wealth of some religious communities has been carried out in France and in Italy. In France there were dramas and epic or tragi-comic scenes, along with passionate excitement. The clergy were completely aroused; many of the faithful were ready to face martyrdom, headed by the expelled monks. Remember that in the south in several places an absolute siege was necessary; elsewhere it was needful to starve the pious garrison. The feeling roused in France by this resistance is not yet calmed. There was nothing like it in Rome, which is the Catholic capital. Here is a sketch of the proceedings when the State took possession of the convents and their wealth.

"The representative of authority rapped at the convent door, which he found closed. A voice from the interior questioned—

"'Who is there?'

"'The delegate of the Government, who has come to take possession of your wealth.'

"'I am forbidden to open to you.'

"'Benè; but I am commanded to enter.'

"'Shall you use force?'

"'Certainly, because I come in the name of the law.'

"'Are you ready to declare in a *procès-verbal* that you are authorized and determined to enter by force?'

"'Certainly, because it is the truth.'

"Then the door was opened; the State commissioner entered. He was received with all the respect due to his position. He was brought into the parlour. They drew up the *procès-verbal* together, and partook of refreshments. The whole took place without any bitterness, and with the decorum which suits the good taste of these well-bred people, who detest bad language and needless violence."

"I have always admired," I said, "the perfect tact of the Italian clergy; it absolutely ignores fanaticism. Must we conclude from this that in the matter of religion their faith is feeble, and their indifference, as Lammenais said, very great? It makes the settlement of politico-religious questions very easy. But is it a real advantage when one considers force of character? You are certainly to be congratulated on the tepidity of those who ought to resist you; but do you not admire the deep meaning of the Scripture words: 'Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth'? I am told that more ardour is breathed into the minds of the young Levites in your seminaries now. Fire is kindled in their souls. Let us hope that it is a fire of charity, and that it may not serve some time to consume heretics and unbelievers!"

The Umbrian Museum has become one of the most interesting collections in Italy. This is owing to some new streets having been cut through a part of the town where was formerly a cemetery of that

unknown people, who lived prior to the Etruscans, to whom we have given the name of Umbrians. Several tombs have been rebuilt with scrupulous exactitude. They are shallow graves, surrounded with freestone walls, and covered with flags. Bronze and golden ornaments, and vases of archaic design, much older than those called Etruscan, have been found inside. One of the most curious discoveries was an immense *olla*, which contained more than 9000 broken or spoiled bronze articles, hatchets, bits, javelin points, fibulæ, knives, sickles, &c. The whole weighs 1433 kilogrammes. The director, who accompanied us, has written a dissertation to prove that all these articles were intended to serve as money, at a time when the means of exchange was still *æs rude*. At the Bridge of Badia, near Vulci, and at Narni, similar treasures of bronze had been previously discovered, and De Rossi also considered them to have been *æs rude*.

I visited the ancient University, which is next to the principal museum, in order to pay my respects to the spot whence, in the seventeenth

century, the beautiful Anna Manzolini gave her lessons. I was shown the hooks to which the curtain was fastened which was let down to screen the chair when it was occupied by Anna, in order to veil her marvellous beauty from the sight of the students who, absorbed in the contemplation of her charms, would have been inattentive to their studies.

Minghetti pretends that this is a legend founded on the history of the beautiful Hypatia of Alexandria, who gave lessons in philosophy with her head concealed by a veil.

Mdlle. Nikitenlko has a very interesting article in the *Rousskaia Mysl* about the feminine professors of the University of Bologna. She mentions—besides Novella d'Andrea and Dorothea Bacchi, both of the sixteenth century, two contemporaries of the learned philologist Laura Bassi (eighteenth and nineteenth centuries),—the first, Gaetana Agnesi, "this phenomenon more remarkable than the cathedral at Milan" who, at the age of nine, upheld the right of her sex to a higher education in Latin; and the other Anna Morandi, who thoroughly studied anatomy and the

natural sciences in order to help her husband. This recalls Diderot's admirable and touching recital, called, "Ceci n'est pas un conte."

The walls of the large hall (used for ceremonials), and of the corridors, are covered with the names and coats-of-arms of those who had gained the title, formerly so much coveted, of doctor of the University of Bologna. I see a great number of Flemings. Only, it must be observed, that until the sixteenth century the renown of Flanders was so great that foreigners classed the other Belgian provinces under this name, just as one said "Holland" for the whole of the Low Countries. Every Belgian was a Fiamingho.

The hall, where the anatomy course was held formerly, is oak-panelled and the ceiling is superb. The picture behind the professor's desk is upheld by two anatomical figures carved in wood. The effect is striking. All around are busts of the principal anatomists. Art has produced a theatre for science worthy of herself. Noble association! Art beautifies everything. *Non de solo pane vivit homo.*

I cannot too strongly advise those who preside over the renovating of our universities, to place busts and marble reliefs of eminent professors as their ornaments, as is done in Italy. In Belgium the statues and monuments are in the cemeteries, where no one goes. They ought to be placed amidst the living, to serve them as an example.

When passing by the cathedral, whose façade of brick has never received its marble covering, I asked Minghetti how it happens that so many monuments after the sixteenth century remain thus unfinished.

"It is the result," he answered, "of wars and foreign invasions. In the Middle Ages autonomous communes and small princes fought one another; but that did not ruin the country which was marvellously prosperous."

"In England, Belgium, and France," I answered, "these latter centuries of the Middle Ages brought great prosperity, as is proved by the increase of the population. I have some very curious figures in my note-book, gathered from a communication made to our Academy by my learned colleague

M. Alphonse Wauters. The Canton of Glabbeck contained, in 1374, 10,368 inhabitants. In 1492 there were only 4,584, and in 1526, 4,830. It is only since 1830 that the population has become again as dense as in the Middle Ages. Another fact: there were in Landen, in 1374, 315 households; in 1496 there remained 23; in 1856 there were only 233. What an argument in favour of local autonomy! The centralization and great wars, which began with the modern era, have been terrible scourges, and have entailed ruin, depopulation, and untold misery in Spain, France, Germany, and the Low Countries. This instructive aspect of economic history has never been clearly portrayed."

Whilst we re-ascended to Mezzarata, Minghetti spoke to me about Sicily, which he knows well, because he visits the estate of his son-in-law, Prince Camporeale, every year. "The Sicilians," he said, "especially the Neapolitans, make many complaints, but the country is becoming prosperous. There are no outbursts of Republicanism or Socialism as there are in the Romagnas and Northern Italy, notwith-

standing the ardour of southern blood. Only the *mafia* still exists, and is enforced at the elections. Here is an instance, not wanting in local colour. My son-in-law, Camporeale, was the candidate; he lost his election by a few votes. His agent noticed that in one village the vote of every elector was given to his opponent. The question was inquired into. The partizans of Camporeale declared that the Syndic had called all the electors together and said to them, 'We are all agreed, we will vote for X,' and placed as many votes in the urn as there were electors.

"When it was desired to state this fact in the inquiry, all the informants when in presence of the judge retracted their previous statements. They were asked why they dare not uphold their first deposition, and this was the answer:

"'The Syndic gave us to understand that if we did not retract what we had said we should never see Christmas. It was October, and we should have had time only to make our will. This was hard; every one clings to life.'

This is an instance of the electoral *mafia*. It would be worth while trying the Belgian system of voting, to put an end to such abuses.

We touched on the question of divorce, which is to be settled in Italy.

"I took no part in it," said Minghetti. "In my opinion we need the light of a scientific comparison of facts upon the question, which is this: Does divorce weaken the stability of family ties or not? If it does, I would not have it at any price."

"Compare," I said to him, "Protestant countries where divorce is permitted with Catholic countries where it does not exist. In which is family feeling the strongest, and its duties the best fulfilled? In Belgium, divorce, which was established by the civil French code, has been maintained with so little abuse that the clergy, who entered on authorized warfare with civil marriage, have never attacked the regulations relating to divorce."

"Do not forget," answered Minghetti, "that the same laws may produce very different effects in Protestant and in Catholic countries; they may

differ also in Belgium and Italy. Social facts are very complex. It is especially difficult to argue from one nation to another on subjects connected with morality."

Before dinner we sat in the garden. The setting sun coloured the sombre bricks of Bologna with vivid red; the aspect was fantastic. Amongst the guests at dinner was M. Ernesto Masi, who has published several very interesting studies in reference to the Reformation in Italy in the sixteenth century, and about Italian society at the close of the last. We talked of the organization of Italian Universities. Minghetti said that there was a desire to introduce changes of which he could not entirely approve. Since then I have heard of the ministerial proposition, which is being discussed in the Chamber whilst I write. The new law attracted my notice by its acceptance of ideas already adopted by the Academic Councils of the State Universities in Belgium, as well as of the *Staatsexamen* that M. Frère-Orban has long extolled. In order to inform myself as to the plan prepared by the

Minister Bacelli, I looked through the important report of the Deputy Borio, who, according to the praiseworthy custom of the Italian Parliament, has drawn up a monograph on this subject. He gives many interesting details of the history of Italian and foreign universities, of their institutions, results, and scientific development.

The learned writer first traces the origin of the higher education in Italy, when private masters taught grammar, philosophy, poetry and didactics, both in the cloisters and in the ecclesiastical schools annexed to the bishoprics. Starting with the tenth century when Pietro Damiani, Anselmo, Lanfranco Papia, and Burgondio flourished, he follows the gradual progress of Italian schools till the creation of universities. He recounts their first difficulties, and analyzes their constitutions and privileges, pointing out the rapid development which accompanied the renewal of these studies; he then describes their gradual decline until our time, and indicates its causes.

From the whole conclusions which are furnished

by this historical criticism, he deduces the necessity of restoring to higher educational establishments their former autonomy, and he acknowledges that the ministerial project has this end specially in sight.

The three principal points of the proposed University Reform are as follows:

1. Complete autonomy of each university.

2. The absolute freedom of teaching and studies.

3. The decentralization and perfect independence of each Faculty.

In order to realize the first of these points, the plan gives judicial powers to the institutions for higher education, and ensures their teaching administrative and disciplinary autonomy, under the supervision of the State.

It is proposed that all the wealth, real and personal, the scientific apparatus, libraries, museums, possessed by each university, shall become its exclusive property, as is the case in England with each college of the Universities at Oxford and Cambridge.

Each university shall receive a fixed sum from the State treasury, and this subsidy may be increased by gifts from the communes or from private persons, and by the scholars' fees for each special course. Special examinations at the end of the year are to be abolished. The doctor's degree will be reserved exclusively for those who aim at higher education. Instead of special examinations, one State examination will be instituted for all those who are intended for the career of the magistracy, or for the professions of lawyer, doctor, engineer, or chemist.

The decentralization of universities and their independence will be guaranteed by the creation of an administrative council composed of the Deans of the Faculties, and presided over by the Rector. The Rectorate will be conferred by the votes of the professors of each institute or university.

The administrative council will undertake the financial and economic administration, therefore the Parliamentary Commission propose to add to this council two representatives of the province or commune in which such university, possessing all these powers, is situated.

In each university, the professors, whether ordinary or extraordinary, shall be chosen by their own colleagues, and shall be irremovable.

Most of these reforms seem to me excellent, except the one which relates to the nomination of professors.

The present system which leaves the designation of the candidate for the choice of the Minister to a commission of specialists, seems to me much better.

I find three charges to bring against the method of leaving the choice in the hands of each Faculty. First, the danger of favouritism towards the sons and relations of professors. Secondly, the Faculty, which is ruled by a special spirit or school, may refuse to allow the introduction of new or different ideas. Thirdly, and this is the most important objection—in the department where there is a vacant chair, the specialist who could the best judge the candidates is precisely he whose place has to be refilled. For example: suppose it necessary to appoint a professor of political economy; who will make the best choice—the college in which there may be no more economists,

or a special commission composed of three or five of the most capable economists of the country? The superiority of the Italian system is incontestable.

I note a very well-written article upon University Reform in *The Revista Italiana* of Palermo by the Count A. de Monale.

Whilst taking coffee in Donna Minghetti's drawing-room, I noticed a wedding-chest of the sixteenth century. These chests were in general use in the Middle Ages; I have even found very simple ones amongst the Slavs of the Danube. The bride took one away with her; it held the clothing, stuffs, and linen which were given to her, or that she made for herself. Those which we see in Italy are almost as large as a Roman sarcophagus, and of somewhat the same shape. Their ornamentation and panelling is very varied. I admired some fine specimens in the royal residence of the Marquis of Bath at Longleat; amongst them were several that came from Venice. They were covered with paintings representing subjects from Bible history. The mouldings were many coloured, like mosaic.

Minghetti's coffer is of walnut wood, with very little ornament and carving, but it has a sobriety, delicacy, and taste which are perfectly adorable. I have seen two of the same kind in the Bargello at Florence, and one belonging to our Minister in Rome, M. Van Loo. M. Terme, of Liège, has a small harpsichord of a similar style, which appears to belong to the French Renaissance. The mouldings are superior to anything of the kind made by the Romans. It is as beautiful as Greek art in its best period.

The Attic artists thoroughly understood the effect produced by ornament when it stands out in relief from a blank wall; as, for example, the frieze and the metope of the Parthenon, which crown a level wall of white marble. In art, as in literature, there is an Attic style, that is refinement, sobriety, and simplicity. Our sculptors of the Flemish Renaissance had completely lost this, and it is still lacking in our architects of the present day. They obtain a certain, and sometimes very real, effect, by the richness and abundance of ornamentation, as in a

Hindoo temple, but they have never approached the supreme distinction of Atticism. Some French architects of the last century attained it, as the architect Guimard did at Brussels in the last century.

Our museums should procure at any price some of the wedding coffers of a good period.

Minghetti told me about the Bologna Savings Bank, which began without capital, but whose directors inspired absolute confidence. They perform all the work of superintendence gratuitously. That is often seen in Italy. The profits of the bank are employed in works for the public good. Thus two millions are placed at the disposal of agricultural credit, without interest; one million has been recently used to endow a retiring fund for workmen. This is Bismarck's idea, but it is carried out without State intervention. The growth of thrift in Italy is really extraordinary. In 1825 there were 25 savings banks, and the deposited capital amounted to 2,691,182 francs. In 1881 there were 355, and the total deposits amounted to 714 millions. The postal savings banks were established in 1875. In 1876 1,989

offices were open, and the deposited capital amounted to 2,443,000 francs. In 1881 the number of offices for the postal savings banks were 3,406, and the capital amounted to 65,059,000 francs. In 1881 the total deposits in all the different institutions for the reception of savings were 973 millions; of this 376 millions belonged to Lombardy alone. A thousand millions of francs in the money-box of workmen and small tradesmen is a pretty penny for a nation which is cruelly taxed. The spirit of foresight must be greatly developed in this "country of beggars"!

I remained alone with Minghetti till about eleven o'clock. The train for Milan did not start till midnight. He entertained me with the ancient Italian literature, which he knows so well and loves so much. He can repeat the whole of Dante by heart. He says that the early development of Italian literature is proved by the language being the first which was definitely formed. Look how the French of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries differs from that in use to-day, whereas the Italian of the sixteenth century is the same that is now spoken. He began

to read passages from a volume of the unpublished works of Guicciardini, "Ricordi politici e civili." I give the original text in a note in order to enable you to appreciate the beauty of the language, deeply marked with ancient Latinity.[1]

"I know no one who is more displeased with the

[1] "Tre cose desidero vedere innanzi alla mia morte; ma dubito, ancora che io vivessi molto, non ne vedere alcuna: uno vivere di republica bene ordinata nella citta nostra; Italia liberata da tutti Barbari, e liberato il mondo dalla tirannide di questi scelerati preti.

Io ho sempre desiderato naturalmente la ruina dello stato ecclesiastico, e la fortuna ha voluto che sono stati, due pontefici tali, che sono stato sforzato desiderare e affaticarmi per la grandezza loro: se non fussi questo rispetto, amerei piu Martino Lutero che me medesimo, perché spererei che la sua setta potessi ruinare, o almanco tarpare le ale a questa scelerata tirannide dei preti. Io non so a chi dispiaccia piu che a me la ambizione, la avarizia e la mollizie dei preti: si perché ognuno di questi vizii in sè è odioso, si perché ciascuno e tutti inzieme si convengono poco a chi fa professione di vita dipendente da Dio; e ancora perché sono vizii si contrarii che non possono stare insieme se non in uno subbietto molto strano.

Nondimeno il grado che no avuto con piu pontefici, mi ha necessitato a amare, per il particolare mio, la grandezza loro; e se non fussi questo rispetto, avrei amato Martino Lutero quanto medesimo, non per liberar mi dalle leggi indotte dalla religione cristiana nel modo che è interpretata e intesa communemente, ma per vedere ridurre questa caterva di scelerati a termini debiti, cioè a restare o senza vizii, o senza autorita.

ambition, avarice, and indolence of priests than I am; first, because each of these vices is odious, then because, as a rule, they are but little suited to those whose life is professedly one of obedience to God, and because, also, they are such opposite vices that he who unites them must be a very strange person. Nevertheless, the relations in which I have stood towards several Pontiffs have compelled me, on account of my position, to attach myself to their greatness. Except for this consideration, I should have loved Martin Luther as myself, not in order to free myself from the laws and obligations of the Christian religion as it is generally understood, but for the sake of seeing that band of scoundrels kept within suitable bounds, that is, that they should lose either their vices or their authority"—§ 28.

"I should like to see three things before I die; even though I live a long time I shall see only one. First, a well-ordered Republic in our city; then, Italy freed from all Barbarians; and, lastly, the world delivered from the tyranny of these rascals of priests"—§ 236.

"I have always naturally desired the ruin of the ecclesiastical State, but fortune has willed that I should be forced to devote myself to two Pontiffs (Leo X. and Clement VII.), and to desire their greatness. But for this I should have loved Martin Luther better than myself, because I should have hoped that his sect would have destroyed the wicked tyranny of the priests, or that, at least, it would have clipped their wings"—§ 346.

I said to Minghetti: "That is exactly characteristic of the Italians of the sixteenth century—superior minds, first-rate politicians, but sceptical and indifferent in the matter of religion. Whilst war reigned in Flanders, and the French Huguenots were being burned and slaughtered, you Liberals, after the fashion of Guichardin, were contented with crying out against 'those rascals of priests.' The 'Gueux' of our time do just the same. As Voltaire said, 'They dance in their chains; they curse them, but they keep them.'"

M. Minghetti continues in favour of proportional representation. He regrets that this principle has

not entered more largely into the new electoral law. "An experiment that we are about to make," he said.

The elections since that time prove that he was right. In thirty-five new colleges where there were five deputies to be elected, the electors had only inscribed four names. It is the system of limited voting. Wherever there was a large and well-organized minority they obtained the seat which belonged to them. This happened in sixteen colleges. These seats of the minority were nearly always gained by eminent deputies. Thanks to this clause Minghetti was re-elected at Bologna, and Correnti at Milan. Wherever it was not enforced, men who are esteemed by the whole of Italy were unsuccessful, such as De Sanctis of the left, and Maurogonato, a former Vice-President of the Chamber. It is the same in Belgium, where we suffered the disgrace of seeing one of our most eminent members, Paul Devaux, excluded from the Chamber, of which he was the pride and glory.

The Panama Canal led us to speak of Goethe,

who had foretold the opening of the two isthmuses. Great poets are prophets. On February 21, 1826, Goethe told Eckerman that he had been much struck with Humboldt's ideas in relation to the opening of the Isthmus of Panama. He added, "It is a necessity for the United States that their ships should sail straight from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific. I am certain that this will come to pass. I wish with equal eagerness, that the Danube shall be joined to the Rhine. In the third place, I should desire to see a canal across the Isthmus of Suez, owned by the English. To live long enough to see these three great events occur would be worth the sufferings of prolonged existence for fifty years more." Even the date is announced!

Minghetti does not conceal his sympathies for the chief of the Left.

"You know," he said to me, "how much importance I attach to the study of social questions. It has been the object of my whole life. In each programme of my speeches I affirm unhesitatingly that it is the duty of the legislature and of the governing classes to

study it. I know that Depretis thinks so too, and soon he will express it clearly." In fact, a very short time afterwards (October 8, 1882) Depretis delivered his speech at Stradella, in which he said that it is time to consider the social problem seriously, and to diminish the sufferings of the disinherited classes by wise reparative measures. The anti-interventionists have loudly reproached him with having raised the banner of State Socialism, in the train of Bismarck. But long before the Chancellor had been bewitched by Lassalle, Minghetti had shown in a well-known book that political economy ought to be under the rule of morality and law.

At Bologna a young girl is attending the College, five are studying medicine at the University, and several are following courses of philosophy and literature. Two have passed their examinations most brilliantly. One of them was second on the list. She specially distinguished herself in Greek and Latin.

VII.

BIELLA.

LEAVING Bologna at midnight, I arrive at Milan in the morning, and continue on the line towards Turin as far as Santhia, which is the junction for the line to Biella, where I go to see Sella. Luzzatti is to rejoin me there with one of his friends, Ettore Gentili.

I had hoped that the malaria would have preserved Rome from becoming one of these great modern capitals, in which population and wealth are concentrated; "enormous and apoplectic heads upon a bloodless body," as they were called by Mirabeau, *the Friend of men:* scenes of the sorrowful contrast

between the scandalous prodigalities of great wealth and the cruel sufferings of pauperism, of which the famous penny pamphlet, "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," recently gave us such a heartrending picture.

I thought that Italy would have been able, like the United States, to make its capital of a thinly peopled town; one great from its memories, but saving the Government from the danger of anarchic insurrection in times of popular agitation.

This danger will now exist in Paris, since they have stupidly recalled the two Chambers from Versailles, where the sight of the follies of Louis XIV. might so well inspire them with a taste for economy. The Italians labour to destroy these advantages that nature has given them.

The Chamber of Monte-Citorio has just passed a new law for the "bonificamento dell' Agro Romano," that is, to make the Roman Campagna healthy. At the same time, the State has guaranteed the loan which will be required by the Roman Municipality to complete the improvements, works of the Via

Nazionale and the Esquiline, thus clearly deviating from its part, and violating all the principles of distributive justice, besides encouraging the crime of high treason against antiquity, by transforming the ancient City of the Cæsars into a modern town, with uniform streets and rows of stupid houses; some very ugly and very costly monuments are interspersed here and there, which are a blot amidst the glorious edifices of antiquity and of the Renaissance.

My friends are proud of the rapid growth of their capital. According to the researches of Sella, there have been built on an average 3,953 living rooms (*stanze d'abitazioni*) each year, from the occupation of Rome in 1870 till the end of 1882. Thus in twelve years more than 51,000 rooms have been made habitable. M. Simonelli calculates that if the Municipality had spent about 150 millions during that time, private enterprise has employed more than three hundred in new buildings. To this half milliard whole milliards will be added, and some fine day the traveller will find a wholly new town, of admirable vulgarity, in the midst of cabbage gardens and

chards, instead of ancient Rome, surrounded by its poetic desert, where herds of buffaloes wandered by the side of the ruined arches of gigantic aqueducts.

I know well that ancient ruins and remembrances of the dead ought to give place to the activity of the living. It is not in the name of archæology, but in the name of political science, that I protest. Rome, like Versailles, was the best imaginable capital for a parliamentary government. She put the members to flight through a great part of the year.

The Academy of the *Lincei* is fortunate. Their seat will be henceforth in the Corsini Palace. This noble Academy was formerly perched gloriously upon the top story of the right-hand tower of the Capitol. There was a splendid view in all directions, especially looking towards the Forum, where the ruins of primitive and imperial Rome were commanded from the temple of Romulus to the column of Phocas; but the place was inaccessible for gouty or wheezy academicians. The last time I sat there, Mancini, who had a very painful foot, had great difficulty in reaching the place.

The Prince don Tommaso, who represents the Corsini family, has shown a patriotic generosity which deserves to be noticed. He has sold the magnificent palace in the Trastavere, which bears his name, to the State for 2,235,000 francs, which is about a third of its value. He made it a condition of his gift, that the public shall have the benefit of the famous library Corsiniana, and of the picture galleries known to every one, as well as of the curiosities which are collected together in the palace, in order that "these valuables, collected by his ancestors, may remain for ever devoted to the public good." The pictures will become the property of the State, and the books will belong to the Academy of the *Lincei*.

This is most admirable, and does the greatest honour to the Italian aristocracy, for the Prince don Tommaso has a son who is still a minor, Don Andrea, who took a part in the gift, in virtue of a special law. Henceforth the *Lincei* will occupy one of the most beautiful palaces in Rome, with charming gardens which extend to the Janiculum. They

are watered by the Aqua Paola, and are quite full of orange-trees.

In the church of Santhia, as afterwards at Biella, I found very good pictures by Gaudenzio Ferrarri. They recall those of Van Eyck. The colouring is wonderfully forcible!

I noticed acacias near the station, and that reminded me that it is to Manzoni that we owe their increase in Northern Italy. He was an enthusiast about them, and advised all his friends to plant them. In his letters to Fauriel he speaks of them lovingly. "Another has thriven," he writes. It is in reality a valuable tree. It grows quickly, even in a light and sandy soil; its wood, which is very hard, and as yellow as a citron tree, takes a good polish, and is suitable for making into furniture. It is graceful in shape and foliage, its flowers perfume the air like those of the orange-tree. It has transformed the appearance of Hungary. What a change there would be if the uncultivated parts of Sicily and Southern Italy were ornamented with it! Let us adore trees! let us plant them!

Luzzatti rejoined me; he was going to Biella to take part in the jury of the local exhibition which was to be held there. The valley we passed through resembles that of the Vesdre in Belgium. Biella, where the wool trade has grown considerably, is the Verviers of Italy, as Schio, also at the foot of the Alps, but beyond Lake Garda, is its Elbœuf.

Sella meets us at the station; he has been ill, but is better again. Although his beard is a little whitened, he retains the robust look of the mountaineer. Several young mining engineers also joined us. Out of the forty-two who are in Italy, twenty-four have been able to respond to Sella's appeal to come and found an association of the kind existing amongst the former scholars of the special schools at Liège. I am happy to meet several amongst them who had attended my lectures.

Sella had presided a short time before at the annual meeting of the Italian Alpine Club, which took place not far from here at Piè di Cavallo, bordering on the valley of the Dora Baltea, on the southern slope of the Pennine Alps. The Italian

Alpine Club numbers more than 4,000 members; a very creditable figure. We see by that how much sympathy is given in Italy to this association, which combines scientific research with physical exercise.

Sella's sons are considered to be amongst the boldest Alpinists of Europe. They have recently ascended the *Aiguille du Géant*, which was supposed to be quite inaccessible. It needed eight days of persevering effort, which was recommenced every morning with new energy. Quintinio Sella himself is worthy of being their father! With his two sons he ascended the Matterhorn from Breuil, and descended to Zermatt. He has a great belief in high health resorts. An air cure amidst the peaks seems to him an excellent thing. He spoke with praise of an hotel recently opened at Col d'Olen, between Val Greissoney and Val d'Alagna; it overlooks the Lys Glacier, which lies between the Lyskamm and Monte Rosa.

We were received with charming cordiality by Madame Sella, and treated like members of the family. Every day the young engineers and the

members of the jury met at a patriarchal banquet; we reciprocated toasts, in honour of Italy and Belgium. Sella's house adjoins his cloth factory. The stream which rushes alongside was formerly the only motive power at his command. Now he employs steam; the coal comes from England by Genoa. A large black marble tablet is let into the wall near the entrance gate; it records the founding of the factory, and the visit which Victor Emanuel paid there. The king had retained a warm affection for his former minister.

We visited the exhibition. It consists exclusively of industries of the valley. I am completely astonished at what I see. First, there is wool, worked into all forms, cloth, merino, blankets, knitted articles which are wonderful, shawls, and mixed materials — nothing that can be made from the fleece of a sheep is lacking here; then there are carvings in wood, furniture, paper, soap, felt, terra cotta, earthenware, and wines of every age and kind. It is truly wonderful how many different industries have been established in this small sub-Alpine valley.

We next inspected the museum of industrial arts, which was established by Sella's influence. It is an excellent institution; its good effects are already visible in the different articles we have seen in the exhibition. Because there is much pottery made in the neighbourhood, I recommended the study of that made in Thun as being in exquisite taste. They might also reproduce the earthenware of Rhodes, which is very massive, and yet has a most ornamental effect. As the Count de Laborde has thoroughly proved, the art of decoration has never been so well understood as by the Orientals.

A professional school is attached to this museum of industrial art, which gained the gold medal at the Milan Exhibition of 1881. The learned economist Alberta Errera describes it in his report entitled "Scuole professionali governative." The school of Biella receives grants of 12,000 francs from the Government, 3,500 from the Chamber of Commerce, 5,500 from the province of Novare, and 5,000 from the Commune, besides the use of the building and the library. M. Errera speaks with praise of the

school of Aldini-Valeriani of Bologna, which is professional, artistic, and mechanical; of the School of Art applied to Manufactures in Venice, which has taken for its motto this sentence of Leonardo da Vinci: "Practice ought always to rest upon a good theory; if not, nothing is done well, either in painting or in any other profession" ("Semprè la pratica dev' essere edificata sopra le buona teorica, e senza quella niente si fa bene, cosi di pittura come in ogni altra professione"). He mentions the school for lace at Burano, founded by *la dotta contessa* Andriana Marcello, and the Deputy Fambri. There are also artistic manufacturing schools at Savona, Altare, Chiavari, Florence, Murano, Milan (two), Padua, Rome (five), Sesto Fiorentino, Naples, Nove di Bassano (pottery), Foggia, Foligno, Auronzo (established by a workmen's society), Belluno, Bitonto, Carrara, Casalpusterlenga, Catania (three, one founded by the workmen), Colle di Val d'Elsa, Florence, Torre del Greco and Trapani (for coral), Udine, Lissone (established by workmen and agriculturists), Luino (established by workmen), Monza, Soncino, Suzzara

Viggin, Pisa, Ferrara, Imola, Macerata, Feltra, Genoa, Fano, Chiavenna, and others. It seems to me that the existence of so many schools of art and trade, several of which are founded by the workmen themselves, is not bad for the "country of beggars"!

Sella's eldest son took me to see Biella Vecchia, the old town perched on a height, with its strong castle and ancient church. In its buildings dating from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance I discovered mouldings, cornices, cordons, and corner-stones, in terra cotta of pure style, which might serve for models.

It is Sunday, and the hour for vespers. I enter the church; there are many women, and hardly any men. Two wedding parties are passing along the street—one in a carriage, the other on foot. What a strange thing to choose Sunday for a wedding, thus breaking the Sabbath rest of the *curé*, the mayor, the cooks, and the bride and bridegroom! How different is this idea of the Sabbath from that held in England and Scotland.[1]

[1] Weddings on Sunday are not uncommon among the poorer classes in England, because in this way they escape the loss of a day's work.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

After supper at Sella's we talked Alpinism. Sella is still more struck than I. His sons described to me their ascents, and showed me the reports of the Italian Alpine Club. One of their friends, J. Corona, who has charge of the huts, including one on the Matterhorn, ascended this formidable peak with them in winter. He has related his adventures in a charming volume, "Aria di Monte." It seems that these winter ascents are a family failing, for one of their cousins latterly climbed Monte Rosa in the middle of January.

There was no time left to discuss politics. Sella was moreover very reserved. At that time all the world was eager to know what he thought of the reconciliation between the Right and the Moderate Left. He had been kept away from his place in Parliament, not by serious illness, but only by a succession of boils. Still, as he had remained isolated in the valley, he had had no opportunity of expressing his opinion. It also seemed to me that he preferred not to speak of it. He was in a difficult position; he was less inclined than Minghetti to forget his

former differences with the Left. He did not approve of the financial schemes of the Ministers nor of the reduction of the taxes, which was, in his opinion, ill-timed. On the other hand, being more decidedly anti-clerical than Minghetti, he was, in that respect, more in sympathy with the Left. His attitude seemed to me to mean: "I will not oppose your attempt at agreement, but I prefer not to be included." His re-election was warmly contested by a Socialist journal in Biella, which stirred up the workmen against him. He was nevertheless re-elected, though the number of electors in his district had been quintupled.

I left this hospitable and united family with great regret. Although I was obliged to leave at six in the morning, Sella insisted upon accompanying me to the station. He told me that he rose at five every morning, and finds that at that hour he works the best. The great Belgian historian and legist, Laurent, often writes a chapter of one of his learned works before breakfast.

At this early hour the workmen were flocking in

crowds to the factories, which were already covering the Alpine scenery with their black smoke. By the side of the street the stream rushed over the rocks; towards the north the valley is shut in by high peaks. It is a veritable Verviers, but with grander and more picturesque surroundings.

Sella made a great impression upon me. He is a man of ancient virtues, of noble character, simplicity of life, highmindedness, uprightness of judgment, absolute disinterestedness, and has no ambition but to serve his country. A distinguished man of learning, he is president of the Academy of the *Lyncei*.

TURIN.

I arrived at Turin, where the session of our Institute of International Law is opened. M. Mancini, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, who is one of the founders, could accept only the honorary presidency; but in the name of the King, and with Prince Carignan, he presided at the banquet which was given to us in the palace at Turin. This ancient residence of the House of Savoy is very

beautiful. It contains some old china vases, which are marvels. Our sittings were held in the palace in which the Chamber met, when Turin was the capital. The name of Cavour is upon the place which he used to occupy; we bent towards it with emotion and respect.

Turin is proud of her great citizen. His statue stands in front of the palace; he is in morning dress, such as he wore in the Chamber. In another place his deified figure crowns a very large white marble monument, which represents freed Italy. These three names, Cavour, Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi, have been given to the Piazza, Corso, Via, or principal street of all the towns, both large and small, in the Peninsula. It is a visible symbol of that unity of Italy which they established. Italy may congratulate herself with pride that she found, at the right time, these three men, each great and powerful in his own sphere.

I shall say nothing here of the meetings of the Institute, nor of the banquet given by the Municipality, nor of the visit to the Superga, the Saint

Denis of Piedmont, where a delicious breakfast was served to us in the great library of the Convent, in the name of the town, and was presided over by the Syndic and the former chaplain of Victor Emanuel, a patriot priest wholly devoted to united Italy. I should only repeat the annals of the Institute.

I cannot, however, refrain from saying how grateful were the feelings of all our members for the cordial and magnificent reception which we met with from the town of Turin, represented by its Syndic, Count Ferraris, from the Government, and the eminent minister, Mancini, and from the Horticultural Society, which opened a fine exhibition at the same time, of which the president, Count Sanbruy, did the honours.

At the house of our minister there, M. Rolin Jaequemyns (who came to the Institute to read a touching notice of our deeply regretted colleague Bluntschli), I met one of the brothers Rolin, who manage the machinery manufactory at Savigliano, not far from Turin. He gave the highest praise to the Piedmontese workmen, who are industrious and

sober. The Belgian workmen whom he sent for killed themselves with drink. The Piedmontese are the best miners in the world, especially for dealing with rock. The masons and plasterers of Northern Italy are also good, and they are contented with very small wages.

It is almost exclusively Italian workmen and masons who are now making the roads in the Balkan peninsula. "A nation of beggars!"

I spent the evening with Professor Lombroso, a deep and original thinker, a hard worker, a doctor, who has made a special study of criminal law.

"The criminal lawyers have gone on a wrong track," he said. "They have made laws to punish crime without having studied criminals. Is it not absurd for men to legislate upon a subject that they do not understand? I wished to know myself what a true criminal was. I have taken the trouble to study them closely. I have examined their physical constitution and their moral faculties. I have measured their skulls. I have noticed their physiognomy, tastes, passions, ideas, superstitions, writing,

and religious beliefs. I have spent whole days with them. I have made them talk, sing, and drink. It is when over-excited with wine that the true self is revealed. I have written a volume about the regicide Passanante. If I could I would write two about the brothers Peltzer; it is the most extraordinary case of crime that I know, because the motive is not discoverable."

Lombroso has published a very curious book, "l'Uomo delinquente," that ought to be read by all magistrates. In the opinion of this eminent man, there are two kinds of criminals—the criminal by opportunity, which we are all capable of becoming; and the criminal by instinct, which is a species of wild beast.

I objected that this is a radically "fatalist" theory; if responsibility is taken away, punishment should no longer be permitted.

"Not at all," answered Lombroso. "I am a believer in the penalty of death. A tiger follows his instinct when he eats men. Is he wicked? I never trouble myself about it, but I kill him."

He showed me his album of celebrated assassins with specimens of their writing, their drawing, and their style. It is terrible, and raises the most formidable problems.

I am delighted to meet again at Turin my good friend Pierantoni, the eloquent deputy who has been made president of the Institute, and his wife Grazia Mancini, the daughter of the minister, authoress of some pretty verses and novels. Unhappily for me Pierantoni is engaged in his presidential duties so entirely that we are never able to talk together.

Castle de San Martino.

General Menabrea, formerly Italian Ambassador in London, now in Paris, is at present staying at Hotel Faider, where we took rooms. He brought me a message from the Senator Carlo Alfieri, who invited us to spend some days with his family in the Château de San Martino, near Asti. General Menabrea is expected in Rome, and I started alone. I travelled in the company of some young people from Turin, who talked

amongst themselves exclusively in the Piedmontese patois. They belonged to the aristocratic class, notwithstanding, for footmen in livery were waiting for them at a neighbouring station, with carriages on which were armorial bearings. A very striking proof of the persistence of "particularism." In the drawing-rooms of Piedmont I am told that patois still continues to be spoken.

The Genoa express takes me to Asti in less than a hour and a half; then there is an hour's drive in a very pretty hilly country. These little confused hills, without apparent general direction, seem to me to be a special characteristic of Italian scenery. Many peasants, both men and women, were returning from market by the road. They wore no characteristic costume. The women had petticoats and jackets of purple cotton material, the men had greenish brown velveteen. The large carriages are drawn by oxen, the small ones by asses. There are very few horses, and even fewer dogs. Dogs are very scarce throughout Italy. The harvest is gathered in, but the fields are still filled with maize

and lucerne. Some are planted with rows of mulberry-trees as in Lombardy. The hills are covered with vines laden with purple grapes.

I found the whole family assembled in the Château de San Martino; besides the Senator Alfieri, there were the Marchioness and her daughter, as well as the former Minister of Foreign Affairs, Visconti Venosta, with his wife, who was Alfieri's eldest daughter, and their children.

The castle is a characteristic specimen of a baronial residence in these parts, where there is neither stone nor marble. It has the large proportions and majestic appearance of the Venetian palaces of the time of the Renaissance, but it is built entirely of large red bricks untrimmed; even the cornice and the window-frames, and the bricks are uncemented as in other places. One would say it was a Roman building.

On the ground floor is a large hall where rare plants are scattered between vases of marble or china; to the right is the dining-room; at the end, the billiard-room, two libraries, and drawing-rooms,

crowded with all kinds of things—pianos, old furniture, works of art, comfortable easy-chairs, and carpets; indeed, all the elegances of modern life. Books in numbers are found everywhere, as in English country houses, where, besides the regular Library, which is often as well filled as a public one, one finds small bookcases in the drawing-rooms, in the boudoirs, in the galleries, and in the bedrooms. This is a noble luxury, and explains the influence which is still exerted by the English and Italian aristocracy.

My room is also on the ground floor. The curtains and hangings are of some charming Chinese material, and represent the cultivation and gathering of tea. Here is another illustration of that sentiment of decoration which distinguishes the East!

Through the transparent glass of a cabinet I look with great respect upon a collection of personal articles which belonged to the great poet Alfieri.

In the bedroom of the Marchioness the relics of her Uncle Cavour are carefully preserved, with

a good bust of the founder of United Italy. My host, Carlo Alfieri, married the last of the Cavours, and so the memorials of these two great names are found together in this castle. Their private letters, the pen, the seal they had fingered—all these little traces of their existence made them live again in my sight. I could not repress a religious emotion on seeing them. The view from the window of this room is splendid. On one side the outlines of the Pennine Alps and Monte Rosa rise above the hills of Piedmont; on the other, the Tanaro meanders between slopes half covered with vines.

The castle is built upon a steep hill, and the park covers the summit. Resinous trees grow well here, notwithstanding the dry summers, and I notice some fine exotics; but why is there not the parasol pine which adorns the environs of Rome, and is so characteristic of Italy?

Just as, on a steamboat, I like to visit the engine-room; so, in a large house, I am interested to understand the domestic arrangements, and among them those of the kitchen. The Marquis understood my

mania for "domestic economy;" and took me underground. There I found again the thick walls and heavy arches bequeathed by the Romans to their descendants. I seemed transported to the *piscina mirabilis* of Mycene, where the water was preserved for the galleys on the Gulf of Baiæ, commanded by Pliny when Pompeii was buried by Vesuvius. Numberless cellars, ice-houses, and a magnificent kitchen, where the cook did the honours with the correct politeness of a chamberlain! There is a servants' dining-hall, everything being on a large scale, because formerly, when the principal pleasure consisted in feasting, it was needful to provide for hundreds of people.

On the first floor—*bel-étage*—there still remains the room for festivals, as enormous as those banqueting halls which Paul Veronese painted, ten metres high and twenty long. This shows the difference in our mode of life; this room, with its arcades and pilasters, copied from the baths of Caracalla, its mosaic pavement, and its double row of windows, one above the other, is too overwhelming to be habitable to-day.

It may serve for the Visconti children to use their bicycle there in rainy weather.

At dinner we tasted the wine of the neighbourhood. The growths of Asti are celebrated. I thoroughly appreciated some old Barolo, which was like both Bordeaux and Burgundy. These wines taste too much of the fruit; that is the result, I think, of not letting the grapes ripen fully. The following morning, in visiting the vineyards, the vine-dressers told me that the vintage would soon begin.

"But," I said, "your grapes are not quite ripe; they would be much better in a fortnight."

"Certainly, but should there come a hailstorm between now and then, we should lose them all."

Hailstorms are frequent in Northern Italy, and are a constant terror to the farmers.

The sparkling wine is very pleasant.

This is the season for white truffles; they have less scent than the black ones, but they taste well in salad.

I had long conversations with the Marquis about the position of his country in regard to its home

affairs. He seems to me to be a democratic Conservative. He believes in the inevitable progress of democracy, which he thinks right; but he seeks for forms of government which will ensure at once both the happiness of the people and the power of the State. His enemies call him the "Democratic Marquis." In a speech to the Philotechnic Society at Turin (Jan. 6, 1882) he alluded to this designation.

"Yes, Marquis I am, I cannot deny it, because my father and my grandfather were also. Democrat I am, and I will not deny it, because such is my conviction; but I was never *made* either marquis or democrat. I do not forget my father, Cæsar Alfieri, who signed the statute in 1848 as one of the first constitutional ministers of Piedmont.

"I believe with Tocqueville," he said, "that all civilized societies are drawn by an irresistible force towards a condition which will be more and more democratic. This movement is even more rapid in Italy, because we have no resisting strength. You have praised the Italian aristocracy, and I do not wish to slight them; but whatever may be their

merits, they are no longer a political power. They have no faith in the past, like the French Legitimists; they are not upheld by the clergy, from whom their patriotism divides them; they have not the feudal and military greatness of the German nobility, nor the habit of government and power of the great English families. Our Dynasty itself, whose kingdom, United Italy, was constituted by the national will, is democratic. This is, in my view, an advantage and a guarantee of power and continuance. I said recently to a French Legitimist, 'The house of Savoy has kept the crown, and the Piedmontese monarchy has become the Italian monarchy, only by following a course in direct opposition to that of the Bourbons. It has separated its cause, not only from clericalism, but from the whole system of privileges and political classifications which are so dear to you. It has become completely democratic; and if it is too paradoxical to say that it has become Republican, it is at least true that it has accommodated itself as far as possible to the Republican temper and habits of modern societies."

I said to my host: "The eminent professor of public law at the University of Vienna, Lorenz von Stein, is a Conservative of your cast, only a knight, not a marquis; the author of the best book that has been written upon the origin of Contemporary Socialism [1] has expressed the same idea as you. He maintains that royalty will last only on the condition of becoming Socialist. What Bismarck is doing now leads us to think that such is also the opinion of the great Chancellor."

Alfieri replied: "I accept democracy, not only because it is inevitable, but also because it may bring great advantages to the people, on condition that it admits institutions which discipline and moderate it. This is the political problem which occupies me incessantly, and to which I am constantly calling the attention of my colleagues in the Senate, and the professors of our School of Political Science in Florence. Democracy is the

[1] Since these letters were written a good English book on this subject has appeared, "Contemporary Socialism," by John Rae. M. de Laveleye cannot well refer to the merits of his own book on this subject.—TRANSLATOR.

realization of Christianity. The 'Kingdom of God,' proclaimed by Christ, is the reign of the poor, not of the rich. The ancient democracies were destroyed because they were founded upon iniquity. Modern democracies will live if they accept the ideal of justice which is true Christianity. The aim of a democracy should be the welfare of the largest number, its predominant sentiment ought to be humanity (*umanità*). Humanity, or, as the Christian calls it, charity, is not only the first of virtues, but, according to the gospel, includes them all (*secondo la parola evangelica è tutto*). The supreme aim of the State is distributive justice; its constant and active occupation ought to be to meet the intellectual, moral, and economic wants of the masses. I am well aware that a democratic government is not capable of maintaining a good foreign policy and of ably directing diplomatic combinations; and that will not please my son-in-law, Visconti, who is listening to us. But the principal thing is the well-being of the population, and that it seems to me is a more noticeable feature in Switzerland and the United States than elsewhere."

"Do not let us deceive ourselves. The great question of our day is the social question. No one comprehended that more fully than Cavour. He often said so to his niece, Donna Alfieri. When still young, between the age of twenty-four and twenty-eight, he was employed on a great work on the condition of the labouring classes; 'Sulle condizione delle classe operaje' was to have been its title. The first time he travelled in England he greatly admired that country of freedom and parliamentary government; but, with the sagacity of an economist, and the predilection of a philanthropist, the study which he preferred was the miserable state of Ireland and the means of improving it. He wrote many pages on this subject which are still frequently quoted in England."

"In a note-book of thoughts and reflections, which dates from his earliest youth, he has written this beautiful maxim: 'In whatever country of the world, or in whatever social condition thou art placed, it is with the oppressed that thou must live (*è cogli oppressi qu'è d'uopo vivere*). One-half of

ideas and feeling are lacking in those who live only with the great and happy!' Cavour," continued the Marquis, "had the greatest respect for human dignity in all men. Love for his neighbour, care for his needs, compassion for his sufferings, inspired him with a warmth of charity which never cooled. His economic knowledge saved him from imaginative theories, but did not blind him to his duty. If he had had time, he would have inaugurated a new social policy, inspired by love of humanity and the prescriptions of science, which would have been carried out in all civilized states. Between March 11 and 17, 1848, on the eve of the Statute, and in the midst of severe political strife, he wrote in his paper, the *Risorgimento*, on the question of the obligation of the State towards workmen. Is not that a clear proof of what was his great desire?

"In the admirable pages which he wrote in 1847 in reference to rural life, which you will find in a book just out, 'Lettere edite et inedite del conte di Cavour, per Luigi Chiala,' he insisted on all the good that a resident proprietor might do to the poor labourers

in the country. You see, if I am a democrat and socialist, as I am accused of being, it is only what Cavour was yesterday, and what our Prime Minister, Depretis, is now. Our king would willingly say with Frederick, 'I am the King of the Beggars,' and he says that the chief aim of his reign will be to improve the condition of the labouring classes. Here are his own words, 'Le classe lavoratrici sono quelle che mi stanno più a cuore. Il loro miglioramento è il programma del mio regno.' It seems to me, in any case, that I am not in bad company.

"You who love rural life, and have written about it so often, read the biography of Lullin of Châteauvieux, published by Cavour in 1844 in the 'Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève.' You will find there some pages that will charm you."

On the following morning, whilst the Marquis showed me a group of epiceas that he planted twenty years ago, and that are already large trees, he resumed the conversation.

"You must read," he said, "Turiello's book, 'Governo e Governati.' It is a picture of our situa-

tion, drawn in very dark colours, but where there are many truths which it is useful to express. He describes the discredit which has been thrown on parliamentary government in Italy, and he quotes more details in support of his position than any other of the writers upon the same subject, as Pacini, Luzzatti, Minghetti, Villari, Spaventa, Palma, Marselli. He shows by statistics the increase of crime, the disorder of communal finance, how the local authorities violate the law and oppress the minority, the influences of the *consorteria*, *camopra*, *mafia*, which are everywhere active; the country people destroyed by poverty and the rapacity of the masters. He calls it the reign of *Farabutti* and *Affaristi*, that is, of those who make politics a means of gaining money and office. The evil-doers, imitating the Russians, set fire to the forests, as at Portofino, or in the Abruzzo! and in the provinces of Salerno, Avellino, and Benevento, they killed the cattle, burnt the harvest, sacked the farms. The unhappy peasants emigrated, and whilst leaving, they sing—

'Su bravi, O Signori,
Gettate gli ombrellini,
Gettate vostri guanti
Lavoratevi i campi;
Noi andiamo in America'

("Come then, illustrious lords,
Your parasols throw down,
Take off your dainty gloves,
And work like any clown.
Dig your own ground, for o'er the sea,
We go t' America the free").

"Turiello's book may be criticized as exaggerating everything, and giving prominence only to what is bad, but there is enough truth in it to make us say that we have a social question. Turiello has not said enough about the causes and remedies. Raffaele Mariano, a true philosopher, has rightly accused him of having neglected the examination of religious influence, which exceeds all other. The Senator Brioschi, in a speech recently given to the Constitutional Association of Milan, has clearly pointed out another cause of weakness and disturbance. He said the Conservative majority is indifferent, and therefore a few audacious individuals intimidate the electors and the authorities, and thus

rule in the meetings and local administrations. The danger is greatly increased by the recent extension of the suffrage.

"Here are the conclusions that I have arrived at. In the first place, the numbers who have gained a vote are overwhelmed with evils to which prudence and justice demand a remedy. Secondly, these sufferings, which are of the economic and moral order, escape the habitual attention of the governing classes; of what is called the political world, which is absorbed in quite different cares. Thirdly, all kinds of liberty having been most completely granted and applied, it is not in them that we shall find the remedy. It must therefore evidently be looked for in the direction of social reforms. Moreover, to moderate and direct the progress of the democracy, there must be at the head of the constitutional organization an institution which includes in itself capacities of all kinds, and which can consequently exert great authority. Our modified Senate is, in my opinion, such an institution—freed, on the one hand, from any arbitrary action of the ministers as

to the method of nomination; and, on the other hand, recruited from those who have been most distinguished socially. On Dec. 16, 1881, I laid down a proposition of this kind on the table of our Senate."

"I have brought forward similar ideas," I answered, "in my little book on 'Forms of Government.' The French Senate, which is being composed of the most eminent men in the country, will by degrees answer to our ideal. Lord Salisbury recently showed that the Republican Government of the United States disposed, in virtue of the organization of the Senate, of a much stronger Conservative force than that of England. Only for a first Chamber, however well it is composed, to possess a real authority in our democratic society, it must not represent the Conservative spirit exclusively, which is often willingly confounded with that of reaction. Therefore I should not hesitate to encourage the entrance of the propounders of the most radical ideas, and the heads of the different schools of Socialists, provided they had real worth, such men for instance, as Marx, Lassalle, Henry George,

Benoit Malon, César de Paepe, H. Hyndman, Alfred Wallace, and Arch. There is a great advantage in placing extreme reformers in direct contact with the difficulties of actual life."

"I have heard," said the Marquis, "of democraticizing royalty, but what I wish is to aristocratize democracy. Democracy is the rule of the largest number. I accept it, because it is necessary to care for the welfare of the masses; but *number* is evidently *mediocrity*. By the side of mediocrity, and above it, a place must be found for *superiority*, or the *excelsior* policy will cease to rule. It is needful to strengthen the initiative of individuals, and with this aim, to encourage the autonomy of aggregate gatherings, apart from the State—such as local, provincial, district administrations; scientific, literary, artistic, and university bodies, in order to counterbalance the omnipotence of the State. The danger of democracy is Jacobinism, which inevitably leads to Cæsarism. Let us make strong, active, self-reliant people, and powerful associations, in order to save us from the despotism of the crowd, or of autocracy."

We visited the farm which belongs to the Castle. It is an immense building, like a fortress. In the enormous cellars, barrels, almost as large as that of Heidelberg, are arranged side by side. We went to see them because they will soon be filled with the new wine, which belongs to the landlord, or of which he receives a part as payment in kind.

I accompanied Mdlle. Alfieri to the school for girls which she has started in one of the neighbouring buildings; she teaches herself, like the daughters of the English lords in the Sunday schools. Needlework is taught under her supervision. The day is not long enough for the works of benevolence which she wishes to put into it, and for the solid reading for which her mother has developed her taste.

We got out of the carriage to inspect a small farm (*métairie*). The setting sun threw its rosy light upon the whole chain of the Alps, and upon Monte Rosa, which appeared to be only two leagues off. I distinguished the Höchste Spitze, the *arrête* towards the Col Turlo, and the glaciers above the Vals d'Alagnia and Gressoney. The Matterhorn

raises its sharp peak aloft, but as it is not covered with snow it stands out less clearly against the blue sky.

I will describe the crops about here. The lower part of the valleys is meadow land; vines cover the hills, but they grow neither in festoons from tree to tree as in Lombardy, nor low down as in France. They are planted in hedges seven or eight metres apart, with wheat and maize between. The vines are dressed and trained to an equal height. They are laden abundantly with magnificent purple grapes which touch one another. I have never seen anything like it. However the crop is exceptional. The grapes are sweet and nice to taste, but they are not yet quite ripe; the vintage will however begin in three or four days. It is too soon.

Since the French vines have suffered from phylloxera, the number grown here has increased. The rows are at a distance of four metres, with no other crop grown in the intervening space. Some vineyards which we admired, will yield on the hectare

100 hectolitres this year, which at 40 francs a hectolitre will yield 4,000 francs—certainly a very creditable return. The expense of making a vineyard is estimated at 3,000 francs. The ordinary produce is 30 or 40 hectolitres to each hectare. There is a scarcity of trees; they are cut down because they overshadow the vines. This is much to be regretted. Chestnut-trees might be planted by the road-sides, near the houses, and at cross-ways; they would be very suitable, and would yield a supply of food. Manzoni's propaganda in favour of acacias has not extended here; I have never seen any except in the park of San Martino. They ought to be planted to prevent the ground being lamentably washed away by the rains.

We went into the peasants' houses. Mdlle. Alfieri knows them well. The sick come to her for remedies, the old bless her, the children surround her. She is adored by all; she knows how to say the right thing in the Piedmontese patois, as well as in German, when she talks philosophy and politics with M. Keudell, or in English when she speaks of

literature and poetry with the wits and literary men who frequent the drawing-rooms in Rome. She brings into practice the humanitarian theories of her great Uncle Cavour and of her father. The peasant's daily earnings are about 1 franc 50 cents. He eats little meat, except sometimes *salami*, or salt pork. In the evening he eats bread; in the morning and at midday polenta and beans, and very seldom potatoes; he drinks little milk, no coffee, but wine of the second pressing, as long as he has any. Water is scarce, and can only be secured by saving the rain water in cisterns. There are neither ponds, springs, nor streams. The ground quickly absorbs all moisture, and in the summer it hardly ever rains. The long droughts sometimes become calamities.

The country houses are substantially built in brick; they are generally of one story. The ceiling here, as in other countries, is vaulted, and rests on bricks. It is a strange thing that a ceiling of laths nailed across is unknown. The staircase is also of brick. The floor is of earthenware tiles, but everything is out of order, and seldom cleaned. The

window-panes are broken, and replaced by journals stuck to the remains. I do not see any flowers in the casement, as with us. It is a taste that would soon grow. It would be good to offer prizes for the prettiest plants grown in workmen's households, and also prizes for cleanliness. It would be so easy to give these interiors the comfort and cleanliness which they lack.

It would also be well to adopt the Swiss fashion of athletic games. It is Sunday afternoon. The inhabitants of the village are doing nothing. They stroll about, not knowing what to do with themselves. Evidently they feel dull. Many are in the public-house; however, drunkenness is rare. But these country people must be taught to amuse themselves, whilst developing their strength and skill.

The science of "recreation"! What a fine saying! And what philosophy it contains! The Minister of Education in Prussia has recently given directions to all heads of schools to introduce hygienic sports into their establishments. How wise he was! Let us imitate the English in this, or, better still, the

Greeks. We try to learn their language; we should do much better to adopt their mode of life.

We talked about a book which Professor Sharbaro had just published, the "Ideale della Democrazia." The Marquis praised it warmly, and, I think, justly. The mottoes indicate the tendencies of the book: "Orietur in deibus ejus justitia et abundantia pacis" (Psalms); "Democracy is the application of the gospel to politics" (Laboulaye); "Non e mai senza pro il salire in alto; dalle cime si vede più presto sorgere il sole" (Massarani).

In the evening, after dinner, we discussed foreign politics. I had recently received *The Rassegna*, which, in an important leading article kindly sent to me, sharply attacked Visconti Venosta, because he allowed the Eastern Question to be re-opened and the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria prepared, without stipulating for any compensation for Italy. *The Rassegna* maintained that, with Austria on the Adriatic, England in Cyprus and Egypt, France at Tunis, Italy was threatened on three sides at once, and the Mediterranean question is decided against her.

"I understand the fears and regrets of *The Rassegna*," said Visconti; "but it is easier to rule the destinies of Europe in the columns of a newspaper than in the councils of governments. We knew, and after-events have well shown, that the three Emperors were agreed as to the final result of the Eastern conflict. It was understood beforehand that Austria would secure what she now occupies. France allowed it. England had given up Turkey. Italy alone could oppose her veto. Useless protests, unsupported by force, are humiliations. We did not wish to expose our country to that. I still think that we acted wisely. That it was our only course is proved, for the Minister Cairoli, and now Mancini, have not attempted anything different. Ought we to have embroiled ourselves with Austria, that is to say, with Germany? It would have been ridiculous and dangerous."

"I own," I replied, "that a policy of jealousy of one's neighbour seems to me out of date. Modern nations ought to have attained the comprehension of this evident truth, that it is not to

their interest to plunder, slaughter, despoil, and reciprocally weaken one another. The more the countries around me prosper, the greater will be my prosperity. Your economist Scialoja has well said—'International justice will be the daughter of economic calculations.'"

"You speak like a prophet," answered Visconti. "I might be listening to Cobden or Henry Richards. Your words are truth itself. But kindly glance at the state of Europe; it is nothing but a camp. Your arguments presuppose that people are peaceable and reasonable. The world may, perhaps, be both at the end of the twentieth century, but whilst waiting, we must try not to be devoured in the nineteenth."

Alfieri answered: "To open men's eyes they must be taught political economy and history, especially modern history. Under a democratic government every one ought to know it; it is now completely neglected in our official teaching. This is an incredible and deplorable omission."

I had, in fact, been struck by this during my previous visit to Italy. In connection with the

organization of education in Italy I quoted the article which has just been published on this subject in *The Antologia* by a specially competent man, M. Eilhard Wiedemann, Professor at the Leipzig University, who publishes a scholastic review. He holds a very favourable opinion of the Italian Universities. He states that the professors keep well in view the scientific movement elsewhere; but he regrets the absence of discipline and a certain general laxity; the students do not attend their classes with sufficient regularity, and the professors, absorbed in politics and administration, too often interrupt their course of lectures.

"Nothing must be neglected which will ensure higher education," said Alfieri. "High intellectual culture alone can save democracy from mediocrity. It can escape it only by placing at its head the capable men whom it has been able to produce."

"There is another solution," I answered, "which is desired by the orthodox economists and the anarchists, *i.e.*, so to simplify the functions of government, that they can be carried out, in case of need, by the ignorant and stupid."

"Perfectly true," answered Visconti, "if we lived in an isolated island, in the midst of the Pacific; but in the middle of Europe we have already seen to what incapacity and improvidence lead."

"An arrangement between the Pope and Italy is again talked of," I said.

"It is very difficult," replied Visconti. "The king cannot leave Rome, and the Pope cannot give it up; but time will smooth the angles. What appears the least durable often lasts the longest. Italy has no interest in driving away the Pope, and the Pope has none in leaving Italy."

The Marchesa is slightly ailing, and is unable to accompany us on our walks. I regret this keenly. I wished to renew our conversation of St. Moritz, and especially to question her closely about Cavour, whom she never left during the closing years of his life, and whose memory is recalled by everything here.

Alas! time passes so quickly, and so many duties steal it from us. I must tear myself away from this delightful hospitality to go to Neuchâtel, where I

have to preside over the meeting of the Congress of Moralité Publique. I must also give up Florence, where my dear friends the Peruzzi have invited me to spend some days in the Villa Antella. Happily, they were not angry with me, for they came to see me at Argentau, on their return from the Exhibition at Amsterdam.

How many pleasant remembrances I have brought of my stay at San Martino, that centre of high and humanitarian liberalism, where the father, Alfieri, investigates the problems resulting from the organization of the democracy; his son-in-law, Visconti, studies those raised by foreign policy, in which he has played a most distinguished part; and mother and daughter devote themselves wholly to good works and the most elevated studies!

On my way to take the train for Turin, I stopped for an hour at Asti, a pretty little town, which looks very prosperous. There is a beautiful statue of the poet Alfieri in the square. This is a large level space suitable for exercise, where cricket and tennis ought to be played. Lord Brabazon re-

cently suggested that the communes should make baths and swimming baths, such as those at Paddington, and also offer prizes for athletic sports. He says, with truth, that in all these respects we are far behind the ancients. Spencer has also shown this clearly.

A steam tramway starts from the railway station; the carriages are full of people. Families rush in joyfully, forming parties for country excursions. The carriages bear the inscription, "Tramvie Astigiane—Asti-Montechiaro."

Provincial tramways are very numerous in Holland and Italy. In Turin they cross the town. In Northern Italy they are constructed in all directions, with subsidies from the communes and provinces. They a form powerful stimulus to industrial activity, and bring a great contingent of travellers and merchandise for the principal lines. Why is hardly anything done in Belgium and elsewhere?

NEUCHÂTEL.

A night express, by Mont Cenis, took me to

Geneva by seven, and to Lausanne by ten. I stopped to dine with the sympathetic director of the "Bibliothèque Universelle," M. Tallichet. Both editors of reviews in Latin countries, we agreed that it is the success of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that prevents the increase of our readers as we should wish. The *Revue* of M. Buloz is like the Indian fig-tree, whose branches extend indefinitely. The growth of all small shrubs is soon stopped beneath its shadow.

Ouida has published a new romance, "A Village Commune," where she depicts the sufferings of a well-to-do country family, who are completely ruined by the effect of the new institutions of united Italy. It is a bitter satire, though Ouida affirms that all the facts are absolutely true. I admit this, but a thoroughly misleading picture may be made by the arrangement of a number of real facts. If in our Belgian papers we were to take all the abuses which may be found in a thirtieth of our villages and to combine them in a drama which should be enacted in one of our communes, the reader would say, "Belgium is hell, and the Belgians are monsters."

This is the method adopted by Taine in reference to the French Revolution. All the good is forgotten, all the wrong is concentrated, so as to cause deeper gloom than that of Dante's last circle. As I take the liberty of writing to Ouida, the communal autonomy and the tyranny of local authorities are what she complains of. But what more can be done for these populations than to give them the responsibility of governing themselves? Does she prefer the tyranny of central authorities? She forgets besides that everywhere in Italy there are, among the higher classes, women who would never allow the continuation of the abominable acts of injustice which she records.

M. A. de Johannis, in the *Rivista di Filosofia Scientifica*, attacks, in a well-written article, the views that I continue to hold as both true and important, on the question whether social laws are different from natural laws. I find the confirmation of my opinion in the masterly discourse given by M. Pietro Siciliani at the opening of his course of lectures in the Bologna University. M. Siciliani, after a

brilliant *résumé* of the philosophic movement in Italy, shows in what the doctrine which he professes is separated from mechanical materialism. He speaks as follows, "It is true that human society has the character of an organism, of a natural fact—that is the ground of the argument of M. de Johannis—but being of a special nature, it is raised and transfigured, because it has the knowledge of an aim to be attained, and the feeling that its own efforts can achieve it. . . . In the social organism, the co-ordination of human monads is rational, free, conscious."

This is precisely my opinion. In the natural laws I find neither liberty, right, conscience, nor justice. I remark some beautiful pages in M. Siciliani's discourse about "the reign of God," and upon the social question. "This," he says, "is the question of the ages, and especially of our own age. It presses upon all, statesmen and people, rich and poor, educator and economist, lay authorities and religious powers. . . . Morality and law are the basis of the two disciplines which are the

most powerful agents of civilization; political economy and pedagogy." M. Siciliani reminds his readers that Antonio Genovesi held the first chair of political economy twenty years before the appearance of Adam Smith's book.

Italy also rebels against the fate in store for "the stones of Venice." M. Camille Boito writes a pathetic article about the poor isle of Sant Elena, of which I have spoken before in my preceding letters: Oh! the dear and charming "isoletta di Sant Elena!" Could not the hideous buildings in which carriages are manufactured be at least hidden behind the ruins, and the last of the large garden trees? In Switzerland and Germany they do their best to give buildings for business purposes a certain artistic appearance; in Venice the engineer has trodden with a brutal foot upon æsthetic requirements.

M. Boito shows us that Venice is also threatened on another side, namely, at Santa Marta and the Campo di Marte at the end of the Guidecca. In former times I have seen old General Radetzki on horse-

back here, reviewing his Croats. It is said to be the only horse which has been seen in Venice since Lord Byron's. A large cotton factory has been built in Santa Marta. What the municipality, strengthened, if need be, by Italy and the whole of Europe, ought to do, is to oblige these "protected" factories to use a coal which will not irreparably contaminate the monuments of the "City of the Doges." They should be compelled to consume their smoke, as the practice is in London. I ask Ruskin to issue a protest to be signed by the friends of the beautiful throughout the whole world, "Quod non fecerunt Barbari faciunt protectionisti."

I spent some days at Neuchâtel with the members of our Congress of Moralité Publique. I enjoyed meeting some kind friends; amongst others, M. Aimé Humbert, Professor Stuart of Cambridge, Yves Guyot, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, Nathan, Mrs. Venturi, Mdlle. Sandoz. But this subject is forbidden here.

I visited the schools, prisons, and workmen's houses. I will sum up my impressions briefly.

I do not hesitate to say that, in comparison with a French department or a Belgian province, this Swiss canton is a century in advance. I will quote only one fact. The system of provisional liberation for prisoners succeeds here admirably, for this reason—a good handicraft is taught to every one; each prisoner who is well-behaved is then placed with a master of the craft which he has learned, under the oversight of the police and of a member of the committee. This committee is composed of 1,400 active and earnest members for a population of 102,000. The liberated worker has to present himself every week to his patron, who receives the reports of his master and of the police. The patron sends an extract of these reports to the head of the prison. In this way the man who is liberated provisionally is gradually restored and regains his position in society, where he gains higher wages than before, because he knows his work more perfectly. When the term of his sentence has expired, the former prisoner has learned good habits and gained something to live

upon, he has escaped relapse and is saved. I wish that my learned colleagues, MM. Thonissen and Kervyn of Lettenhove, would visit this prison at Neuchâtel. The results obtained are marvellous. But great effort is demanded from the committee of patronage. Yves Guyot and myself are confounded with what we see and hear. We are, however, in a thorough democracy, and with the *referendum*, good or direct government. The Marquis Alfieri had given me some excellent quotations from "Vues sur le gouvernement de la France," where Duke Albert de Broglie shows that the true form of a democratic rule is that which has been historically developed in Switzerland. Neuchâtel has made me believe that he is right.

P.S.—I received from M. Hoepli, the intelligent publisher at Milan, the book by M. G. Corona which I have previously mentioned, "Aria di Monti." The printing and illustrations are charming. I recommend it specially to all the members of the

Belgian Alpine Club. When they have read it, there is not one, including the learned and ever-youthful President of our Senate, Baron de Selys, who will not wish to ascend the Matterhorn.

NOTE I.

LANDOWNERS, LIVE IN THE COUNTRY![1]

THE following was written in 1844 by Count Cavour:

"For the last fifty years the attention of eminent men has been drawn to practical agriculture, the taste for country occupations is more widely spread, and the number of persons who are exclusively occupied with it is seen to have increased; or, at least, the number of those who find in it a relaxation from other toils has increased. This movement may be easily followed in all European countries. It has been stimulated, if not originated, by the political crises which have been so frequent in the last half-century, and which have stripped so many of the absorbing activities of public life, to lead them back

[1] See "Published and Unpublished Letters of Count Cavour," by Luigi Chiala. Turin. Rouxe Favale. 1883.

to the unobtrusive duties of private life. *Agriculture has been the refuge of all the defeated*, thus each new revolution increases the number of those who devote their intelligence and capital to the cultivation of the soil.

"The fact of living in the country ought to have the best influence upon society. I think it is of a nature to partially remedy the moral disturbance which a great revolution produces in the thoughts and institutions of European nations; for it tends to substitute for the material ties which bound the classes together in the Feudal Ages relations of reciprocal good feeling, in harmony with moral superiority on one side, and voluntary dependence on the other.

"It is difficult properly to appreciate all the good that comes from the presence of a rich, or even a well-to-do family, in the midst of a poor and ignorant population. The good they will do will bring no glory nor applause in the papers, neither will any university reward it with an honorary degree, but its influence will be immense.

"It is so easy for an intelligent and philanthropic landowner to gain the respect and affection of all those who surround him, and to exert a moral influence which will be much higher than the compulsion exercised by the feudal landowners.

"This moral influence of the rich upon the poor, of the intellectual worker upon the manual labourer, of the capitalist upon the proletarian, would strengthen the foundations of social order, and would dissipate the fears which are awakened by the revolutionary spirit.

"They might exert a lasting conservative influence. Living in the midst of the energetic and hardy country population, helping, loving, and teaching them, they would transform a force which impels society in the path of revolution into a regenerative influence.

"The great landowners should devote themselves, for some years, to the improvement of their lands, and interest themselves in the condition of those who cultivate them. They should facilitate the spread of education, and re-establish society upon juster and firmer bases than those which were upset in 1789.

"But before this return to country life can take place in an age as educated as our own, enlightened men must be able to find in the country useful employment for their time and faculties. This is furnished by agriculture, because, thanks to the numerous improvements realized during the last century, the cultivation of land is no longer simple routine, but a true science, which is very varied in its applica-

tions, but which is nevertheless ruled by fixed and universal laws.

"At the first glance agriculture does not seem very attractive for learned and literary men. A man accustomed to the artificial life of drawing-rooms would feel a natural repugnance for the study of manure and the oversight of cattle. He would find it tiresome, monotonous, and mean.

"However, if he overcomes this aversion, and is interested in the simplest farming operations—the planting of a field of potatoes or the raising of a fine heifer—it will work an insensible transformation in his thoughts and ideas; he will find an ever-increasing attraction in applied agriculture, and the things which were at first most repugnant to him will bring him great enjoyments, which he had never suspected.

"Knowledge of all that concerns agriculture is essential for an educated man who leads a rural life: first, because it provides occupation for his intellectual faculties; and, in the second place, because it is impossible without it to exercise that beneficent influence which gives worth to a life spent in the country.

"In fact, the esteem which will be given to him by the agriculturalists will be proportioned to the skill with which he manages his property. However distinguished in learning or renowned in literature he

may be, he will be thought little of if his land is badly cultivated.

"Whoever would exert moral power over the agricultural population, must begin by compelling them to recognize him as the best farmer in the district. A wise distribution of crops on his land, or fine cattle raised on his premises, will bring him more admiration than a scientific discovery or an epic poem."

NOTE II.

NATURAL LAWS IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

YET one more word in answer to M. J. de Johannis concerning natural laws. I maintain that, in the province of economics, rational laws ought to prevail; that is, laws in conformity with right. Economic science discovers what this is by seeking first what is just and useful, and then by what means human society may gain the largest amount of justice and happiness, bearing in mind the conditions imposed upon each nation by nature and history. I shall quote a remarkable passage from Stuart Mill in support of this:

"The word nature has two principal meanings. It signifies either the whole system of things, with the aggregate of their belongings; or else, things

as they ought to be, independently of any human intervention.

"In the first sense it is absurd to tell man to follow nature, because he cannot do otherwise; all his actions arise from the play of one or several laws of nature, mental or physical, and his obedience to these laws."

In the other meaning of the word, the doctrine that man ought to follow nature, or, in other words, that he should make the spontaneous course of things the model of his own voluntary actions, is, at the same time, irrational and immoral. Irrational, because all human action, whatever it may be, consists in changing the course of nature, and all useful action is to improve it; immoral, because the course of natural phenomena is full of events which, when they are the effect of the will of man, deserve execration; whoever should be compelled to imitate the natural course of things in his actions, would be universally considered to be one of the worst of men.

"It is the duty of man to co-operate with the beneficent forces, not by imitating the course of nature, but by making perpetual efforts to improve and to bring nearer and nearer to a high type of justice and goodness that part of nature over which he has any power."

The eighteenth century, when rebelling against the established order of things, constantly appealed to the laws of nature. By these were meant the laws of reason and the principles of justice. But it was a mistake to imagine that nature left to herself, free from the intervention of legislators who had caused the miseries of humanity, would carry out these laws of reason and these principles of justice.

"God of armies!" cried Marat, "if I should ever desire for an instant to hold thy sword, it would be to re-establish the holy laws of nature."

Marat evidently understood by that, laws in conformity with what he considered reason and justice.

When we wish to modify the laws which now regulate the distribution of wealth, the economists cry, "Take care; you are about to attack 'natural laws.'" We answer, "No; these are not natural laws, for those are beyond our control. These are human laws, emanating from the will of men, and which, consequently, they can modify and improve."

NOTE III.

THE TWO TENDENCIES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.[1]

"THE difference which exists between what has been

[1] Extract from a speech by M. de Laveleye in Rome, from vol. i. of "Letters from Italy."

called 'the two tendencies of political economy' has been clearly pointed out; but there is, in my opinion, a still deeper dissidence, so that we have really two 'schools.'

"There is neither hostility nor antagonism between these schools; for, in the first place, the new school admits all the scientific discoveries of the orthodox; and in its investigations goes upon the principles pointed out by its predecessors. In the second place, Adam Smith is the common master of both schools. My eminent friend, M. Luzzatti, has recently shown that the principles upon which the new school is based are all to be found in the master's book, 'The Wealth of Nations.'

"Three years ago, at a banquet on Smith's centenary, I showed, in response to a toast by Mr. Gladstone, that Smith's method was the experimental, inductive one, which is held in honour by the new school; and not the deductive, *à priori*, mathematical method of Ricardo, Bastiat, and Lowe. The two schools, then, have a common origin and common principles, and there is no radical antagonism between them.

"This is what seems to me to be the difference: Ancient economy is founded on optimism; it bears the impress of the seventeenth century, in which it took its rise, and which was thoroughly optimistic.

Rousseau gave its motto when he said, 'Everything is good which comes from the hands of nature; in the hands of man everything degenerates.' That means that there exist in man, who is naturally good, instincts which if left to themselves, undisturbed by bad governments or false religions, would lead to the order and happiness of society. The result of this, in politics, is unlimited faith in the popular will, universal suffrage, absolute democracy, and even popular self-government, as proposed by Rousseau's 'Contrat Social,' and the application of these principles everywhere, as was the dream of the French Revolution. Thence comes, in political economy, the famous principle of the physiocrats. *Laissez faire, laissez passer.* Their very name indicates their faith in natural order, which is properly optimism.

"The fundamental idea of orthodox political economy, which you will also find in Smith, is this—each man guided by self-interest sees more clearly than any other what is useful to him. From all these active egoisms, from all these pursuits of personal interest, the general good, the largest sum of possible happiness for all will result; natural order will be the result of free concurrence. This explains the blank which exists amongst the orthodox economists in respect to the relations between their

science and morality. This blank was so great that the Institute of France offered prizes for competitive essays on the subject. It is about this that M. Minghetti's valuable book was written.

"Orthodox political economy is therefore founded upon optimism; it believes that order will necessarily issue from the *fara da se* of humanity. But this is a great delusion. The man of nature is not good. Men left to themselves do not establish order. Each one thinks that his happiness consists in gross and immediate enjoyments; each will unhesitatingly sacrifice the rights of others to his own interests. As to his fellow, at first he eats him; afterwards he reduces him to slavery. Such is the rule of all primitive and barbarous societies.

"Humanity has emerged from barbarism only through the influence of founders of religion and lawgivers; through the force of religion and law which have bridled brutal passion and fierce egoism so as to establish an order of law and justice, more or less perfect, but always progressive.

"This is the work, not of the people, but of the State. It is the State which by quelling anarchic passions has introduced civilization. If this be so, there is still a great mission for the State to-day, seeing that a large number of men have not yet emerged from primitive barbarism, and will never

emerge if they are left to themselves. Economy is political just because it is occupied with the State, with the πόλις. The most perfect example of humane society, the Greek city of Athens, was purely the creation of the State. Its pre-eminence terminated only when everything was disorganized, national education in decay, roads destroyed, commerce diminished, a return towards barbarism commenced.

"Thus we have the first point of divergence—orthodox economy, blinded by optimism, has not seen that the State is a necessary instrument of progress, as the new school proclaims it to be, though they always add that each case of intervention ought to be examined and to rest on ascertained facts. It is impossible to appeal to the general principle here. It has also been said that the new economists are protectionists. This is a mistake. In 1875 I attended the Congress of Katheder-Socialisten at Eisenach, which had done me the honour to make me vice-president. Most of the members of the Congress were opposed to protection. When M. Rudolf Meyer, who was supposed to have been sent by Prince Bismarck, asked for the subject of protection to be entered on the orders for the day, his proposal was rejected without discussion.

"Here is the second point of dissidence, which is

the consequence of the previous one. The orthodox appeal constantly to the natural economic necessary laws, and they forget that these laws are under the dominion of civil artificial laws which are dictated by the legislature, and which may be more or less perfect. Let us take for an example the law of supply and demand, which is the most general of these 'natural laws.' I find it to be in vigour in Russia where the landed property belongs to the Commune collectively; in Bosnia, where the family possesses the ground; in England, where it forms immense *latifundia;* in France, Switzerland, and Norway, where, parcelled into small divisions, it belongs to the peasants who cultivate it. The effects of these different agrarian laws are different also. The question asked by the new school is, Which is the best—which is the most in conformity with justice? The old school never raised the point—firstly, because they started from established laws as an indisputable basis; secondly, because they said that economic laws are of universal application; thirdly, because they held the opinion that free concurrence would solve all questions.

"That political economy is to be thoroughly penetrated with the notion of law and justice, is the new and fruitful idea which will transform our studies. The orthodox school undoubtedly has

never been hostile to the idea of right and justice; but it has never endeavoured to realize an ideal. The reason is simple. The abolition of all fetters is enough. Natural and *physiocratic* laws must create the true law and order. The new school, on the contrary, affirm that the laws which regulate the division of property and the machinery of labour are civil laws emanating from the legislature, and they examine if they are just. Thus, they seek an ideal, as law and morality also do. In this they are inspired by Christianity, which is the worship of the ideal. The mission of political economy is summed up in the deep and admirable saying of the gospel, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'

"The whole social question is to bring about the rule of justice—for orthodox economy there is no social question. Unquestionably there is social sufferings—statistics and evidence will not permit it to be denied; but as they are the result of necessary laws, legislation can bring no remedy. On the other hand, the Katheder-socialist will say, 'The evil being stated, we must examine if it is not the result of bad and unjust civil laws; if it is so the laws must be changed.'

"Here pulpit socialists and socialists properly so-called meet each other; but whilst the first come

with Utopian theories, ignorance of facts, and subversive hatreds, with a desire for the sword and petroleum, the others work by the patient researches of science, and take love of justice and humanity for their guide.

"In this they do not go beyond Smith, who admits that the principal mission of the State is to enforce respect for right, *cuique suum tribuere*. But what is this right? Does it rule society? How can it be established? This is the difficult problem which we must face.

"In the strictly accurate descriptions of MM. Franchetti and Sonnino, of Southern Italy, I find that upon fertile ground beneath the most beautiful sky in the world, there are labourers who work incessantly, and who are nevertheless plunged in fearful poverty. I ask myself, 'Is that the effect of necessary natural laws, and is it in accordance with justice?' In my studies of rural economy in the different European countries, I have found a similar state of things wherever the land is not in the hands of those who cultivate it. Yet again, Is it the result of economic laws from which there is no escape, or of civil legislation that might be improved? The new school will answer in favour of the last opinion, the older one will support the first.

"Observe the strength which comes from this

view. Orthodox economy can no longer find a sphere of action. Almost all the university professors in Germany are Katheder-Socialisten. The Catholic clergy are Ultramontane socialists. A Court preacher, Dr. Stöker, has lately originated the evangelical conservative socialist party. In Denmark, the economic review *Economisk tidschrift*, has adopted the new tendencies. In England the remarkable works of Mr. Cliffe Leslie and the recent address of Mr. Ingram show which way the wind blows. In France several of the new professors of political economy, chosen for the chairs of law, are heretics. Lastly, in Italy the new school is represented in all its shades by writers who are perhaps even more appreciated beyond the frontiers than at home. It is in this path that we must necessarily walk henceforward; otherwise everything will be ended, science will be completed. Everything is clear in the limited range of ancient economy. The manual, by M. Joseph Garnier, gives us its most complete summary.

"Besides the divergences pointed out by M. Minghetti, I state two others which are capital—a too restricted conception of the mission of the State, the negation of the social question and of an ideal of justice to pursue; these opinions result from physiocratic optimism. I conclude that there are really two schools."

NOTE IV.

AGRICULTURAL RAIFFEISEN BANKS IN ITALY.

When I wrote my description of Raiffeisen Banks I did not know that this system had been introduced into Italy. On June 20, 1883, one was established at Loreggia, a small village of Padua, with 3,000 inhabitants. For details see the interesting book by M. Wollemborg, "La prima casa Co-operativa, di prestiti, secondo il Sistema Raiffeisen in Italia."

NOTE V.

For information concerning the associations in Neuchâtel, see "Coup d'œil sur la vie sociale dans le Canton de Neuchâtel, Liste des Institutions et des Sociétés libres de bienfaisance, d'utilité publique, d'education, d'instruction, et de recreation." By Dr. Guillaume. There are 793 societies to a population of 102,675.

NOTE VI.

THE ACADEMY OF THE LINCÆI.[1]

As I am a corresponding member of the Lincæi, I received a volume "Atti dei Lincei," which gives the

[1] From vol. i. of "Letters from Italy."

history of the Academy; it is written by one of the members, Carutti. Its foundation was due chiefly to a young student from the Low Countries, Johannes Eck, or, in Latin, Eckius, born in 1577. He went to Italy and obtained the *laurea* of doctor in medicine in 1602. In a dispute with Raniera, as to the preparation of some medicine, he was traitorously attacked by him; he drew his sword and gave his assailant a blow on the head, which killed him. He gave himself up to justice, was tried and acquitted, probably through the influence of the young Prince Frederico Cesi, whom he knew. Cesi gave him a home in the palace of his father, the Duke of Aquasparta. Two of his friends, Francesco Stellutti and Anastasio de Filiis, also of the family of Cesi, shared the young Prince Frederico's taste for the study of the natural sciences, in which Eckius, then twenty-six, doubtless instructed them.

Cesi, who was only eighteen, conceived an admirable idea, which he developed in a book, entitled "Linceografo." He wished to form a large scientific society, whose members should bear the name Lyncæi, because they were to examine the secrets of nature with a lynx eye. The Academy was to have residences in all quarters of the world, with sufficient resources for the support of the associates, who should live in common. These residences were

to be provided with libraries, laboratories, museums, printing presses, botanical gardens, indeed everything which would be serviceable for their researches. Everywhere observations were to be made in writing, which would be communicated to all the members of the Society. The Lyncæi were to give up marriage, which Cesi called "mollis et effeminata requies," and which would interfere with their studies. However, priests and monks were not admitted. When, a little later, one of the members became a Jesuit, he was excluded. Cesi wished to constitute the Church of Science, a dream which is partially shared by Renan.

The friends took the lynx—which was then found in the Apennines—for their symbol, with the motto, "*Sagacius ista.*" The associates "were bound to search into the depths of things in order to understand their causes, and the operations of nature, as the lynx does, which is said to see not only the outside of things, but all that is hidden within." The Academicians wore an emerald signet ring, upon which a lynx was engraved. These young people dreamed of the organization of modern science, based upon the method of observation.

The Academy of the Lincæi was the first scientific society which was lasting. Leonardo da Vinci founded a scientific and experimental academy early

in the sixteenth century, at Milan, and Jean-Baptiste della Porta founded another at Naples towards the end of the century, but neither of them lasted. This society now numbers eminent men from all parts of the world amongst its members; amongst the Englishmen are Gladstone, Herbert Spencer, Freeman, Rawlinson, Maine, Thornton, and Max Müller.

NOTE VII.

RECENT ECONOMIC PUBLICATIONS IN ITALY.

NOWHERE is political economy so thoroughly studied as in Italy. Just now the Italian Parliament is dealing with two questions of the greatest importance—the organization of banks and the working of railways, which is, or is to be, undertaken by the State.

"Primi elementi di Economia Politica. Milano: Hoepli. 1881," is a very useful elementary guide to the study of political economy. It has, however, fallen into the common error of placing the division of wealth after the circulation. Logically, the product ought to be divided between the factors, before they put it into circulation. It has a valuable list of the best books in all languages which have a bearing on the subject.

"Il Credito Popolare in Italia. Milano: Emilio

Civelli. 1883," is a report by M. Luzzatti of the wonderful success of the popular banks in Italy.

"Mesures proposées pour l'abolution du cours forcé. Exposé des motifs du projet de loi présenté à la séance de la Chambres des Deputés du 15 Novembre, 1880, par M. Magliani, Ministre des Finance, de concert avec M. Miceli, Minstre de l'Agriculture, de l'Industrie, et de Commerce. Rome: Botta. 1881," is a remarkable work, and contains considerations of permanent value from a scientific point of view.

"L'Abolizione del Corso Forzoso Venetia, 1881: Visentini," is an important work by M. Tullio Martello, in which he discusses Magliani's plans.

"L'Unificazione dei Prestiti di Napoli. Napoli: Marghieri. 1881," is published by M. Alberto Errera, Professor of Political Economy at Naples, who publishes a pamphlet nearly every year, in reference to some special point to which he applies the principles explained in his works.

"Le Opere pie in Italia. Roma: Barbera. 188–," by M. Luigi Bodio, is a work on the religious foundations in Italy.

Alberto Errera, "Le Finanze dei grandi Communi. Firenza. 1882." M. Errera gives the details of the expenses, receipts, and debts of fourteen Italian cities. He has published several works on political economy, and announces a commentary on the new code for Italian commerce.

Augusto Pierantoni, "Il Giuramento. Roma. 1883." This is the most complete book I have seen on the question of the oath in judicial and political matters. I recommend it particularly to the English, to settle the famous Bradlaugh dispute.

Amilcare Puviani, "Sistema Economico borghese," published by Nicolà Zanichelli, Bologna, 1883. This book contains a *résumé* of the social question, written in a lively and brilliant style, and with original views.

M. Ellero, "La Questione Sociale." "La Tirannide Borghese." "Reforma Civile." These are three very remarkable books, strong and concise, somewhat in the manner of Tacitus.

"Concetto e genesi della Rendita Fondiaria, di Ulisse Manara. Roma. Armanni. 1882." The author thinks that rent increases in consequence of the progress of scientific culture; but he omits several points which are criticized by M. A. Loria.

Napoleone Colayanni, "Le Instituzione Municipali. Catania: Pausini. 1883." This is a study of Italian and foreign municipal institutions. It is to show the advantages of municipal authority and self-government as it existed in other days in Venetian Lombardy, under the title of *convocato*, or, as it is now in the English vestry, and the Swiss *Landsgemeinde*. The motto of the book is—"Religione

dominante, monarchia, esercito, ecco la Francia. Libera religione, municipii, republica, ecco l'America."

A. Jehan de Johannis, "Sull'universalità e preeminenza dei Fenomeni Economici. Torino: Dumolard. 1882." Professor Johannis maintains that economic phenomena are the most important of social facts; that justice, administration, politics, law, war, international law, even abstract sciences like geometry and mathematics, are the consequences of economic facts. This thesis he developes with eloquence and ability.

Pietro Siciliani, "Storia Critica della Teorie pedagogiche. Bologna: Zanichelli. 1883." "Socialismo, Darwinismo, e Sociologia moderna." M. Siciliano gives the history of the theories of education and teaching. He contrasts the scientific (American) system with the humane classical one, and asks that the germ of what Michelet calls "the heroic principle of humanity," the worship of ideal good and perfection, the pursuit of real though invisible things, may not be killed in youth.

"La Rendita Fondiaria e la sua Elisione Naturale, di Achille Loria. Milano: Ulrico Hoepli. 1880." This is one of the most complete books which have appeared on this subject. The questions of rent and division of land are thoroughly discussed with erudition and a great knowledge of facts.

G. Colucci, "I casi della Guerra per l'Independenza d'America. Genova: Sordo Muti. 1879." Two vols. 8vo. This is an interesting account of the emancipation of the English colonies in America, with details of the perfect liberty which they succeeded in obtaining.

"Emancipazione Economica della Classe operia Bologna: Nicola Zanichelli. 1881," by M. Zorli. M. Zorli began this book at the age of twenty and finished it at twenty-four. He read all his references in the original language, and he shows with great clearness and exactitude of method the systems which have been developed by the different schools—Malthusians, Orthodox Economists, all the various socialistic schools, St. Simonists, Communists, Collectirists, pulpit Socialists, Ultramontane Socialists, Arachic Socialists, and Nihilists. The volume closes with a chapter entitled, "Spontaneous Applications of the Socialist Utopia." The author evidently belongs to the new economic school of "realists."

Cognetti de Martis, "Le Forme primitive nella Evoluzione economica." An important book, where the author describes the first phases of political economy, which he sees commenced already amongst some species of animals.

M. Oliveira Martins, "Quadro das Instituicôes

Primitivas." A book which it is interesting to compare with the last.

Vadalà Papale, "Morale e Diritto nella Vita." The theories of Darwin applied to morals and law.

"Darwinismo Naturale, Darwinismo Sociale, 1884," carries on the application to economic phenomena.

Carlo F. Ferraris, "Saggi di Economia e Statistica." These works of the learned professor of Padua are worthy to rank with those of Cossa and Messedaglia. His work on the monetary question is one of the best that have been published. Formerly a monometallist, he is a recent convert to bimetalism.

E. L. Catellani, "Le colonie e la conferenza di Berlino." A learned and complete study of this very difficult question.

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